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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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As the World Goes By

By William Marion Reedy

Death Sweetens Life.

WHAT can one write of the Iroquois Theater horror in Chicago? Mr. Raftery has summarized the tragedy with excellent moderation of tone in another column. When death comes upon a community as it came, in this case, upon Chicago, there is a certain pitifulness in nature that numbs the senses to soften the blow. The sense of horror is not so much in evidence as the sense of awe before the majesty of sweep of Azrael's wing. All things are Death's in Death's own time and season. Before the contemplation of it all human strength and skill and wisdom shrivel and vanish in a breath. After all, what use to discourse of what might have been done? The patent fact looms up—Death is. Death divides divinity with God. His Son surrendered unto it on Golgotha. He rose again—we believe. But we do not know. Before the spectacle of the blotting out in a twinkling of an eye of the young and fair and sweet and innocent we are too dulled even to challenge the Most High for what, to our limited ken, seems injustice. As the event recedes into the past we think of it more calmly. We see that death is not the uncommon thing—but the common thing. We know the bitterness it brings to the hearts of the bereaved, even when it clutches the beloved without any circumstance of vivid horror. The deaths that are occurring every instant all over the world make a ghastly total, but we regard it not. A half a million people are drowned in a Chinese flood, a volcano in a smiling Southern isle breathes a blast of annihilation upon a thickly peopled city, a province teeming with lives is swallowed up in an earthquake in the orient lands. They are far away, and we scarcely arch an eyebrow with surprise or feel the faintest pang in our hearts. Death comes anear and we shudder at the thought. He smites our own home and we deem that we are the special victims of unkind God, but we look in the column of death notices that contains the one notice that spells so much to us, and we realize that each one means the same thing to others who have been as loved and as loving as ourselves. When the bolt falls suddenly upon many, falls upon them in the fullness of life and in a happy hour; when by hundreds the good and beautiful and young and gay are obliterated almost in our own circle, we feel the atmosphere charged with the sorrow of others bereaved. The community feels how insignificant it is before the One Great Fact to which all else is but incidental. But the wisdom of Nature dulls us to this in time, since were the thought to remain ever dominant with us, the result would be only paralysis of will before the inevitable coming to an end of all effort high and low. Yet who is there but feels with Ulysses in Mr. Phillips' fine play, "I would not have life save upon the terms of death?" Rightly seen, it is death alone that makes life worth while. "We are all condemned," says Victor Hugo. The executioner awaits us somewhere, or soon or late. What, then, are we to do but to accept the situation as gracefully as we may, with as much sympathy as possible for those about us? There's only one

thing that is of avail against the power of Death, and that is love. Death may come, but love is "the lamp in the tomb." And so it is that when Death is most in evidence there is always a flowering of the heart into sympathy for others. An event like that at Chicago makes for a widening and deepening of sympathy, not only for the immediately bereaved, but for all who live and must surely die. How at the thought of the disaster our minds quicken and our hearts leap forth to our own loved ones! How each one of us says little, but turns to some one nearest and dearest of all and cuddles close against that other heart for warmth and strength against the coming cold! How it makes so many a hand clasp the tighter, so many a kiss the tenderer, so much hardness soften into forgiveness! How Death in its fellest manifestation sweetens life, even while saddening it! How Death in wildest revel purifies the most sordid souls and touches whole communities, otherwise enwrapped in futilities great and small, to warm suffusions and effusions of gentleness and nobility and goodness! Who of us all has not been stricken into a poignant sense of a more imminent duty of loving kindness towards our fellows by this disaster at Chicago? It was terrible, but it is beautiful. As against the purifying, the uplifting, the enlargement of the soul that comes from such an event, we are prompted to cry out with the seer of old, "O Death, where is thy sting?"



World's Fair Social Duties.

MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS having sent out cards for Sunday afternoon receptions in January, I take it that the incident is a signal that the social activities of the World's Fair year are thus begun, and furthermore that the Francises are to take the position of leaders of society, at least during the Fair period, as they naturally should. They are in every way fitted and equipped for the position. They are of social power, quite aside from Mr. Francis' public position. They have money in abundance and a beautiful home. Mrs. Francis has not done much entertaining, but when she has done any it has been done in a way to demonstrate that rivalry with her is out of the question. The Francises will be seconded as entertainers only by Mayor and Mrs. Wells, who have erected a large addition to their home on Lindell boulevard to that end. The Wellses, too, are of social prestige and experience quite independent of the official position of Mr. Wells. Next in order of lavish entertainment, if, indeed, they do not surpass the others in some way, will come Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch, who will chiefly take care of distinguished foreigners of unofficial attachment. All the World's Fair directors and their wives will be on their social mettle in this matter of entertainment of visitors and it is going to cost every one of them, for this activity alone, fully as much as they may have subscribed to the Fair originally. The best indication of what the Fair is to exact of us socially is found in the action of those "near" people of prominence who are leasing their homes for the Fair period to avoid entertaining their

friends from everywhere. The wise person in society in St. Louis would do well to begin now to make arrangements that will at the same time reduce the cost and minimize the wear and tear and worry of heavy entertaining. This can be done by system, by blocking out the time for each visitor or party of visitors, by arranging for exactly such entertainment as each party may like. The seven months of the Fair can thus be covered in advance, and much confusion of mind avoided. I say seven months, because this we must all make up our minds to—that there is going to be no vacation for any St. Louisan this year. The person who takes one, without the best proved reason, will be regarded about as the army regards a deserter. The "quitters" will be tabooed in future. Fortunately, it is not anticipated that there will be many such. The ladies of the city generally are ready from now on to do their share of the hard work that the Exposition entails upon all St. Louisans, and anyone who thinks that entertaining isn't the hardest kind of hard work doesn't know what he is talking about. Of course, it is expensive, too, but that's all in the game of World's Fairing, and we have all got to stand the gaff in this respect even if we go broke in doing so. I imagine that one of the first results of the Fair activity will be a clamor of men for admission to the swell clubs. This ought to be a good thing for the club treasuries, though it is not to be expected that the clubs will soften any of their old-time restrictions as to membership. Still there are many young and unattached men in St. Louis who should belong to clubs and do not, who will find that a club membership will be a material assistance in relieving the strain of showing attentions to acquaintances, friends and relatives. There will be a rush of visitors upon every one and there will not be much time for anything but business and the sort of pleasure that is more wearing than business, because it is, in a way, business in the guise of duty. We may all prepare for a stupendous inflammation of our weekly and monthly bills. Our homes will be full of guests from May to November and they will keep us on the go. We shall all be pretty well used up towards the end, but, let us hope for a game finish—even if it's in some "rest-cure." Don't think this an exaggerated prospect. The proof that it is not is to be found in the Francis's announcement of Sunday afternoon receptions. That's comparatively new here. It means that the working days are too crowded with social duties and the overflow into Sunday is a natural result. It is a very "continental" innovation and it may grieve the "nonconformist conscience" somewhat at first, as being of a part with coarser forms of "Sabbath desecration"—though Sunday is not the Sabbath—but the religious folks will have to stand for it, as for other things that come with the transformation of a city into a world-center for people with plenty of both time and money. We shall see Sunday afternoon entertainments, before long, in all the fashionable homes. All this means swollen grocer bills, meat bills, caterer's bills, living bills, flower bills, and bills and evermore bills. Especially this should be a glorious year for the dressmakers and milliners. There will be satiety of gaiety for us all long before the Fair closes, and we shall do pretty well if we manage to preserve our healths and our naturally good dispositions. The World's Fair has been no picnic thus far for those whom most of us have been criticising. It is now coming to loom up as no picnic for anybody. "Cheer up, then; the worst is yet to come!"



Divorce Progress.

THE statement is made from Paris that the latest fad there is the sending out of cards, like those announcing a wedding, to announce a divorce. This

is progress, but it doesn't quite catch up with Chicago, where you find society items like this: "The divorce proceedings begun by Mrs. Brown Jones Smith against her husband have been suspended owing to the breaking of her engagement to Percy Perkins." Elsewhere in this paper appears Bishop Doane's article upon the divorce question. It doesn't appear to be marked by progressiveness of view. Indeed, it is hardly satisfactory as a conservative opinion, though it does call attention to that moral condition of "an affair of three," touched upon in the Chicago announcement, as the great evil of the divorce problem. I don't see how the divorce problem is to be solved except by prohibiting divorce altogether, and where there is no divorce there is profuse concubinage. If there is to be divorce at all, who shall fix the limitations thereof? The trifle to one may be an enormity in the opinion of another. One man may bear lightly what to another would be intolerable, and in some marriages there are conditions of torture that cannot be appreciated by those who do not suffer under them. Divorce should be either easy or impossible. The moral consequences of either are, at best or worst, about the same. Divorce should be as easy as marriage. There should be relief from the horrors of mismatching. If there be people who would deny the remarriage of the divorced, those people are fools. There would be illegitimate unions more numerous. Divorce cannot be restricted without creating conditions worse than those in which there are found so many evils now. Bishop Doane thinks public opinion may discredit the standing of divorced persons who have married new partners. It may or it may not. Public opinion encourages divorce. Even the anathemas of the Catholic church cannot keep its sons and daughters from seeking relief from marital woes in the divorce courts in ever increasing numbers. There is no way of preventing the man or woman of to-day from seeking relief from married misery. If people may be divorced, they should be allowed to try again. If a marriage be forever, why should a man or woman be allowed to marry after the death of his wife or her husband? There may be and doubtless there is much ground for the agitation of a uniform divorce law in all the States, as a mere matter of system, just as necessary as in the case of bankruptcy or in fire and life insurance laws, or in all laws of universal application to conditions that are the same or institutions that are the same everywhere. But there is no general demand for the restriction of divorce, or for the prohibition of the marriage of divorced persons. There will be no such demand until the country returns to a religious conception of marriage. Religion is the only force, in one manifestation or another, that will keep institutions anything like the ideals to which they originally aspired, especially social institutions. Social institutions are chiefly endangered by passions, and religion is most powerful to restrain the passions. It is noticeable that those attempts at ideal communities which have been most nearly successful have been so only under the influence of some religious idea or motive. So with marriage. As it loses its sacramental character it loses its characteristic of indissolubility. But religion has been losing its force, and consequently marriage. There are signs of a religious revival of some sort. When it comes, if it come sanely, we shall see probably, a return to a more general belief in the indissolubility of marriage. I have said, if the revival of religion come sanely, because so much of our new religion like Dowieism is coming insanely and perversely and is destructive of the marriage bond. Divorce will be diminished only when the churches grow strong with a new life. The State cannot make people moral. When it tries to do so, it invariably promotes immorality. We must look to a revival of religion for the correction of most

social evils. Perhaps Bishop Doane can tell us what is the matter with religion that it does not exercise its old power in these days.



A New Center of Society

MR. HARRY THURSTON PECK says that the city of Washington is going to be the new social-center of the country. Society will go there to get away from business and all things that might detract from devotion to elegance and the graces and amenities of existence. Maybe so; but God help society if it ever gets wholly free from business. What saves American society is that it is not wholly idle, that it is and must be close to business. Society will rot if it has nothing to do but amuse itself. It will fall into that horrible satiety which came upon the Roman patricians with what results we know. It will go to hell in its endeavor to get away from itself, and it will possibly best be represented by no higher type of man than Petronius Arbiter. The less crude our society becomes the worse off we shall be morally. Nobody knows this better than Mr. Harry Thurston Peck, for did he not translate a section of Petronius' "Satyricon," has he not read Frederick Lemaitre's "Serenus," is he not familiar with the finale of all societies that have fenced themselves off from the herd to cultivate the elegances, the graces, the amenities of life? Commercialism is bad enough, but it is a salvation against the degradation that comes from extreme effort to make living an art and nothing more. Business may be vulgar, but it is better to be vulgar than to be rotten with the vices that flourish in idleness through the effort of a moribund curiosity to avoid utter satiety. If Mr. Harry Thurston Peck's prophecy be true, then Washington will become another Alexandria of the time pictured in "Hypatia," for Englishmen, and in Pierre Louys' "Aphrodite," for Frenchmen. The only thing that is saving English, German, French and American society is the closer relationship between it and business. Those elements that devote themselves exclusively to pursuit of the elegances and graces inevitably "go wrong." Let us hope that Washington will never become such a social center as Mr. Harry Thurston Peck describes. We don't need any social center. We are all tired of the old social center, Newport, and the unhealthy outcroppings there. It is fortunate indeed that conditions still prevail in this country which make it all but impossible for anyone to keep out of touch with business without danger of "going busted." That is one of the main factors in keeping society clean, and if society of the ultra sort is not too clean, it is still clean enough to be sinful without "seeking out many inventions."



Quem Deus Vult Perdere.

THE Steel Trust has cut the wages of half a million men at a time when the prices of the necessities of life are higher than ever before. This, we are told, is better than closing down the mills and affiliated industries altogether. Poor philosophy, like all that sort of "it-might-be-worse" optimism originally formulated in the "Consolations of Boethius." Why are the wages cut to the bone? Because the magnates would rather cut wages than cut dividends on their watered stock. "God help the rich; the poor can beg." This means hard times. Can it mean also a determination of the rulers of finance to create conditions of discontent so intense that the country's workers will be ready next November to cry out for "anybody for a change" to beat Roosevelt? It would seem that there is something in this theory. Already Roosevelt is being blamed for causing lack of confidence in the stock market. Now he is being pictured as the cause of the pinch of labor, after he did so much, in the coal strikes, to boost wages and popularize organization. We are

told by the *Globe-Democrat* and other papers that a wringing of the water out of Wall street did not mean a check to prosperity, but now we see that the toiler has to make good the losses of Wall street. The men who are battering down wages are the men who have never liked and do not now like Roosevelt. They are providing the hard times for which some prominent Democrats have prayed as the most effective means to their party's victory this year. Mr. Roosevelt has faults, but all his faults will turn to virtues if the public catches on to the idea that the Wall street contingent is pinching the people to make Roosevelt unpopular. If the sources of Republican power are doing this thing, they had better beware. Roosevelt is not so far removed from Bryan, in thought and feeling, as they may think. Roosevelt may be forced by such tactics into retaliatory action that may realize the fondest hopes of some of the most ardent supporters of Bryanism. Roosevelt has "held himself in" from many motives of policy. He may "cut loose" with some real economic and fiscal views that are not modified to suit the necessities of Mr. Hanna's friends. It may be that, as has been prophesied, we shall find that this year's campaign will find the positions of the leaders of great parties reversed—the Democrats appealing to the conservative element of the country, and the Republican leader endeared to the radicals and red-shirts. And stranger things have happened than that a Republican should strike a blow at the money power more effective than was ever dreamed by the malcontents of the last quadrennium of the nineteenth century. But can it be possible that wise Wall street fights Roosevelt in the very way that will most surely tend to elect him? Who knows? "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."



Too Busy to Love.

A ST. LOUIS man is on record as saying to his wife, "I am too busy to be bothered with loving a woman." This man, whose name, George W. Hormann, must not be forgotten, evidently never heard that it is the busiest man who always has the most time in which to do things. Mr. Hormann is probably right in his assumption that loving a woman interferes with business, but he isn't philosopher enough to know that the time a man puts in loving a woman is more than atoned for by the hustling the man has to do to catch up on his work and make good in the eyes of the woman. When a man loves a woman real hard, he will pass as much time with her as possible, to the seeming injury of his work, but he makes up in both the amount and quality of the work he does under pressure at the last moment. Mr. Hormann doesn't know another fact, either; that a man will hustle up his work to get away to the woman he loves. He has not attained to the wisdom that knows that "love sweetens toil," and that most of the big work of the world has been done for "an audience of one,"—most of the good work and most of the bad work. A man isn't much good in any line if, when at his tippest-toppest best, he hasn't some woman in the back of his head and the core of his heart to whom he makes his work an almost unconscious offering. "Too busy to love a woman!" Good God! What could be his business? A traveling salesman, we read in the papers. Arise, ye drummers, and cast him out! "Too busy to love a woman!" If he had said "one woman," the Travelers' Protective Association might have condemned, but it could have forgiven him. But "too busy to love a woman!" That's *lese* drummer. Further we read that this Mr. Hormann earned \$3,000 a year. Only \$3,000 a year for being "too busy to love a woman!" What devil's work was he about, anyhow? Selling smoked glass to view solar eclipses, perhaps.

A man to sell his heart and soul to business away from the love of woman should get more for his prostitution. Three thousand a year and no love! There's poverty in the absolute. Never was a man poorer than this Mr. Hormann. Never was a woman better entitled to divorce than Mrs. Hormann, with no love and only \$3,000 a year from her husband. She could have sued on the ground of non-support. If a man has only \$3,000 a year and can't love a woman, it is hard to conceive how he could even love himself, such a cheap man as he must be. Why, he's a dead one! There's more fun in living with lots of love for a woman and about ten times Mr. Hormann's salary in debt than in \$3,000 a month or a week or a minute. What's the use of money or anything if you're not in love with some one? Go read Saint Paul's epistle on love. To the devil with \$3,000 per year! What use is \$3,000 a year if the greater part of it doesn't go to a woman? Imagine a man spending all his money on himself! Which reminds me of a story that Harrison Drummond learned from Ed Paramore. It seems that a certain confidential clerk of a gentleman for whom Ed Paramore worked was a defaulter to the tune of about \$6,000. He had run away. The boss was going through the desk at which the confidential clerk had worked and he came upon a photograph of a well-known woman of the half-world with whom the missing clerk's name had been associated. The boss looked at the picture long and earnestly, then handed it over to Mr. Paramore with a sighing remark: "Well, I'm glad he didn't waste the money." The clerk had been too busy at love, but what saved him from utter damnation was that he was not too busy to love at all. A man who is "too busy to love a woman" is busy in a way that is no good for himself or for anyone else. He can't love anything else that is worth while—not even God. For God loved a woman well enough to make one the mother of His only begotten Son.



Conscience Fund.

As numerous others have done, I hereby make public acknowledgment of the receipt of a \$2 bill in payment of all debts due the MIRROR from "Conscience Fund," who is supposed to be identical with "Scrupulous Conscience," the individual whose generous and unexplained "restitutions" to transportation, telegraph, and transfer companies, politicians and others, have excited so much interest among the St. Louis public.



Their "Front."

THE date for the opening of the World's Fair is only four months' distant. How about the installation of exhibits in the great buildings? The terminal facilities are not too great for ordinary business, and the inrush of the material for World's Fair display threatens a terrible blockade at East St. Louis, while the transportation facilities at the grounds are almost ridiculously inadequate to the Exposition's needs. Much we hear of this. But I "run into" the men who have the practical solution of this problem on their heads and hands, and they don't seem to be worried in the least. I don't know any men in St. Louis who, when out among their fellows socially, abandon themselves more unrestrainedly to the pleasure of the occasion than President Francis, Director of Works Taylor, Director of Exhibits Skiff, or Director of Concessions Gregg. If they are only "putting up a good front" they are supreme artists in that line of effort.



The Post-Prandial Mr. Galt.

How many columns the local papers have, from time to time given Chauncey Depew, Simeon Ford, John Allen and other happy post-prandial orators. I

wonder why they don't take up and enthusiastically celebrate our chief local leader in that line. I refer to Mr. Smith P. Galt. I don't know how often I have heard Mr. Galt at banquets in the last ten years, but this I know, that never have I heard him without wondering that his fame is not spread more abroad. I have never heard him tell the same story twice. I have never heard him tell what, to me, appeared a "chestnut." There is, I feel sure, no after-dinner talker in the country who is happier in the matter of making fun out of those incidents at banquets for which he could not possibly be prepared beforehand. He has a humor that is all the more captivating because of his facial solemnity. His big head invariably suggests that when he arises he is going to say something profound. His eyes are inquisitive under a semi-squint. These appearances heighten his pleasantness and sharpen his points indescribably. At the banquet of the Show Trustees to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. Galt made a humorous speech to the scientists that fairly charmed them out of their seeming frigidity. But Mr. Galt is more than a humorist and satirist. He is a master of rhythmic rhetoric. He can touch the chords of tenderness, too. His plea to the scientists to spare us our faiths was touching in manner and matter, and it brought out from the men we somehow prejudice as unbelievers and agnostics of necessity a response that showed that faith and science are not even among scientists at irreconcilable enmity. Mr. Galt, for a seemingly dessicated lawyer, is the finest specimen we have of the happy, off-hand talker, full of fun and of sentiment and wise withal. Poor man! How he will be overworked at the feasting that will mark the World's Fair period.



An Omission.

THE most striking thing to me at the A. A. A. S. banquet was what did not occur there. During the evening of five speeches there was not one mention of the late Herbert Spencer, who has done more with science in formulating for the world a general conception of universal law, than any man since Aristotle, and only one reference to radium, the latest "philosopher's stone," or "universal solvent."



A Story.

THE best story of the evening at the banquet was that of Hon. Carroll D. Wright, of the minister who was attending at his last end a man who had been noted all his days as a tireless talker. "Do you wish to be born again?" the preacher asked. "Yes," replied the one almost *in articulo mortis*. "Then," said the preacher, "if you are to be born again I trust you will be still-born."



Theater Prices.

WE are to have two new theaters in St. Louis, or, rather, one new theater, and an old one under new management. The Schubert brothers are to build on Chestnut street, opposite the Laclede Hotel, and David Belasco has leased the Imperial for the World's Fair period, there to present the beautiful, poetical, powerful, touching play, "The Destiny of the Gods," redolent of the bizarrely delicate charm of Japan. In this connection I note that the "hard times" in New York have started a movement for the reduction of theater prices there. This is as it should be in New York but will the movement spread to this city? I fear not. With the crowds of transients here during the World's Fair, with the inevitable result of a failure of supply to meet demand, theater prices are almost certain to advance, and, moreover, we shall probably be visited with that affliction of the lover of the

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stage in New York, the sidewalk scalper. If only we might be spared this, I am sure that life will be pleasanter here for World's Fair visitors and habitants during the Exposition period.



Where the Blame Lies.

WRITING more than four months ago in favor of passing the terminal ordinances, I said that before the agitation of the question of facilities would end, those persons most blatant in opposition to the granting of the necessary franchises, instead of being, as then, regarded as heroes of civism, would be estimated as enemies of the city. I was right. The business people are now looking for someone upon whom to blame the failure of the proposed legislation. They are trying to hold the boss, Col. Ed Butler, responsible; but they are wrong. The blame is to be laid at the doors of our "business" Councilmen, and chiefly at the door of President Hornsby and Councilman Gibson. The two men mentioned were the heaviest opposition, aside from the *Post-Dispatch*. They will bear the brunt of public disfavor when the blockade they have worked for becomes effective. The *Post-Dispatch* has already unloaded its responsibility upon the assembly and the Business Men's League, and everybody else. I understand that Mr. Hornsby is by some credited with an ambition towards the Mayoralty. If so, he may as well put it aside. The defeat of the terminal bills will rise up to smite him, when the World's Fair transportation troubles begin; furthermore, it is said, I know not with what truth, that President Hornsby based most of his obstructionism upon a resentment against what might be called the bulldozing tactics of World's Fair representatives who told the Council that everything had to be done for the World's Fair. Upon this attitude, of course, it is possible that Mr. Hornsby may be the next Mayor, but only on condition that the World's Fair shall be such a failure as to make anyone who opposed it in any way a popular idol.



Milton and Shakespeare.

THE first book of the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" is offered for sale in London, and all literary England is in dread that it will be bought by an American millionaire and brought over here to be placed side by side with other historic spoil of the European museums. The incident has set a great many people to writing about Milton's mighty epic. It is hoped that the writing about the poem will result in inducing some one to read it. I don't believe that anyone other than college professors reads "Paradise Lost," after college days. Most of what the English speaking world knows, or thinks it knows of this great work, is gleaned from Addison's series of expository articles thereon in the famous *Spectator*. And speaking about rare books, I am reminded that one of the very few extant copies of the famous first folio Shakespeare is in the possession of a St. Louisan, Mr. W. K. Bixby, and is the *piece de resistance* of his collection of books and manuscripts which, for the number and quality of its rarities is about the most important and valuable of all the private collections in the United States.



A Curious Thing.

A CURIOUS thing! The other evening, down town while some friends of Circuit Attorney Folk were averring that the whole power of the City and State Democratic machine was being exercised upon City Counselor Bates to have that gentleman hold back his officially requested opinion upon the legality of Mr. Folk's increase in his own salary, Mr. Folk himself was pleading with Mr. Bates to hold back the opinion

for a month. That's Folk to a T. That it is about Folk which makes those who know him best oppose his nomination for Governor in spite of his good work. His genius for indirection is transcendently oleaginous: Joey Bagstock was sly, devilish sly, but he wasn't in it when compared with the advanced modernity of cunning of Joey Wingate Folk. Folk is the most panther-footed politician this State has ever seen—and he has other feline characteristics, too. And he seems to be an assistant concocter of the *Republic's* political news and insinuating editorials.



Missouri and the Presidency.

MISSOURI'S candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, Francis M. Cockrell, does not seem multitudinously to catch on in other parts of the country. In the East he "won't do" because he was too heartily for Bryan. He is regarded elsewhere as too old, although he does not show his age in either mentality or physique. Then, too, right or wrong, it is not believed that Missouri politicians really want him. They nominated him for the nomination only when he frowned down a plan to nominate him for Governor, and in order to block the supposed ambitions of David R. Francis towards the Presidency. Now, if in the next convention it should happen that any suggestion to nominate a man from Missouri would be heeded, and it came to a question what Missourian would be most favorably looked upon by the supposedly necessary States like New York, Indiana and Ohio, to say nothing of other possible Northern States, the man who would be best known and most likely to suit the predominant sentiment in those commonwealths would be David R. Francis. But could he take the time for the campaign from the World's Fair presidency? It might be that, by the time the nomination could be made, Mr. Francis could resign in the face of evident success of the great enterprise. The chances are that there would be made a fight upon him by Mr. Bryan, if nominated, that there would be a retributive "bolt" against him because of his support of Palmer and Buckner in 1896. Still there would be a like "bolt" against the nomination of a man like Olney of Massachusetts. If any Western man, not "regular" in 1896, could get the full Democratic vote, it would be Mr. Francis. The business conservatives would take kindly to him. He has been generally advertised by his work of late, and he has certainly had opportunity to make a favorable impression upon leaders from every State with whom he has been, for three years, transacting Exposition business. Whether he has done any campaigning directly in that line I don't know. Could he get Missouri's delegation? He might if he tried. Senator Cockrell isn't anxious for the honor of a mention. He has never said "boo" in response to his having been put forth for President at the Moberly meeting. Francis has friends in the State, and the silver issue is pretty near dead. His present prominence and success, and the patent availability of him, if for no other reason than to bring the State to the fore nationally, would help him if he should allow his friends to "go out after the delegation." Senator Stone has the machine just at present, and he is a wily and vigorous campaigner, but Senator Stone is on the defensive, to a certain extent, and he will be unable, probably, to do anything until he shall have arisen to "a question of personal privilege" in the Senate and answered his enemies. This, it is said, he will do in a very short time, and if he does it as well as he can do it, when he prepares himself, we may have to reckon upon him too, as a candidate for the presidential nomination. But should neither Cockrell, nor Francis, nor Stone be available, Missouri has another available candidate in Judge Amos M. Thayer, who

is eminent in the law, was a brave Union soldier, has always been a Democrat, and last but not least, landed the hardest blow ever delivered against the money-power in the now celebrated Northern Securities merger. Judge Thayer is a man that Missouri should have more to say about. His modesty and diligence should not be allowed to obscure his qualities that make him fit to present as a "favorite son" of the State. I mentioned Judge Thayer for this honor some months ago. He is as available now as he was just after the decision. Oh, "poor old Missouri" has presidential timber in plenty—a whole forest of it, and don't you forget it.

And, furthermore, Missouri Republicans are going to present to their national convention the name of Cyrus P. Walbridge for Vice-President, with some show of getting him on the ticket, too: for the Democratic fight may wax hot enough to make it wise to give Missouri the second place on the Republican ticket in the hope of swinging it in line for the G. O. P. All of which is predicated upon the prospect, none too remote, that the Republicans can get together and quit their quarrel, which is as bitter as the one now raging in Democratic ranks.



Candidates.

SPEAKING of the Mayoralty nomination, already I hear mention in various quarters of Mr. Murray Carlton and Mr. Byron Nugent. Good men, they are, too. There will be others, to be sure; but these will be hard to beat.



Tittlebat Titmouse Crittenden.

I WENT to Mr. Folk's big and enthusiastic meeting at Music Hall in this city last Saturday evening and heard him make a good speech, every word and line of which his rivals for the gubernatorial nomination, Judge Gantt, Mayor Reed or Mr. Harry B. Hawes, could and would enthusiastically endorse. It was a good speech, if on a single note, and that note insistent upon an indisputable proposition—"thou shalt not steal." Mr. Folk's speaking improves as he enters deeper into the campaign, but his tone and manner are too clerical to please for long, though his exhorting is very much to the taste of the supporters of Lee Meriwether, who were conspicuously numerous at the meeting. Meriwether is in the Folk councils—dollars to dimes!—but he is kept under cover. But neither the Folk psalmic oratory nor the Socialist strength of the audience impressed me so much as the spectacle of ex-Governor T. T. Crittenden presiding over the assemblage and preaching "vercha." This is the Crittenden who was pilloried as Tittlebat Titmouse Crittenden by the late John D. Finney, a Democrat, in two or three of the most brilliant political epistles written in this country in twenty years. This is the Crittenden, under whose governorship there was more scandal in politics ever known before. This is the Crittenden whose picture was printed in the *Post-Dispatch*, in 1882 or 1883—at a time when pictures were rare in daily papers—on the front page and with the word "Thief" branded on his forehead, and the legend running beneath: "Bob Pate's Governor." Bob Pate was a boss gambler who had been convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary under a new gambling law, and Crittenden pardoned him at once, as the then gambling ring said he would. This is the Crittenden who appointed Police Commissioners whose resignations in blank were given to members of the gambling ring before appointment. This is the Crittenden under whom there flourished corruption manifest in the Coal Oil Inspector's office. This is the Crittenden who was alleged to have come down to St. Louis from Jefferson City at stated intervals to "get his bit" at the Southern Hotel. This is the

Crittenden who was said then to be a puppet of Ed Butler's. And the good Dr. Lutz, one of the announced vice-presidents at Mr. Folk's meeting, was one of this Crittenden's members of the Police Board. Let anyone interested in this Crittenden look up the "files, files, files," to quote Mr. Kipling, whom Mr. Folk misquoted in his Saturday night speech, of both the *Post-Dispatch* and the *Republican* (now the *Republic*) and see what kind of good government he (Crittenden) gave us when he was Governor. There will be found richness for you in abundance. Crittenden's indorsement of good government, in the face of his own record, which the papers published with remarkable abandon, is the funniest incident of modern politics. It shows just how much there is in denouncing corruption. Anyone can do it—a corruptionist, probably, a little better than anyone else. Crittenden indorses Folk. Will Mr. Folk look up Crittenden's published record and tell us if he can indorse Crittenden? If one-tenth of what was alleged against Crittenden's governorship was true, then Crittenden, who never made answer adequate, gave this State and this city the rottenest government they ever had. This is by the card. You'll find it in the "files, office files. Oblige us by referring to the files."

And oh, my, did anyone ever see so many discredited, played-out, back-number, disgruntled, perennial-candidate, ineffective, misfit politicians, was-ers, dead ones, as were listed among the vice-presidents at the Folk meeting? Soreheads! Some of them in time past liberally dosed with epithets that now are directed against those who oppose their "gallant leader." Itching with grievances. Oh, it was a bunch—in the main—of almost ridiculous hypocrites. And Tittlebat Titmouse Crittenden "led all the rest." Look 'em up! Why, oh why, wasn't John Alum Lee among them?



Dr. Simon and Dr. Runge.

THERE is no question in the mind of anyone in St. Louis that, in the resignation of Dr. Edward C. Runge from the superintendency of the St. Louis Insane Asylum, St. Louis has lost an excellent public servant. He did much for the unfortunates under his care. His work among them was of value to alienists and neurologists everywhere. His contributions to the science of the treatment of insanity have been read with interest by scientific men all over the world. He had a justly acquired fame as a model officer of an eleemosynary institution. That he should feel called upon to resign is unfortunate. He claims the Health Commissioner forced him out, because he would not submit to the Jefferson Club's alleged dictation of the appointment of his subordinates through Dr. Simon. That looks true. Dr. Simon, the Health Commissioner, has "made no bones" about his Jacksonianism, about his spoilsmanship. He believes the jobs should go to Democrats, to competent Democrats. He discovered and turned out crooked Republicans holding places under Dr. Runge. Dr. Runge makes an outcry about Jefferson Club despotism. Did not the Republican machine make subordinate appointments for him when he held office under a Republican administration? Dr. Runge's retention in office by a Democratic Mayor seems to have had the effect of giving him the idea that he was a bigger man than the Health Commissioner, which the city charter says he is not. Dr. Runge and Dr. Simon might have "hit it off" better, but for the fact that both are impolitic and stubborn in their methods. Dr. Simon went at the Democratizing of the institution frankly, boldly, undisguisedly, without much respect for Dr. Runge as a Republican, whatever he may have thought of him as a mind specialist. Dr. Runge is more of a scientist than a politician, and he came to grief in

refusing to deliver up Republican office holders, who had been "grafting," to Dr. Simon's ax. Dr. Runge was made to feel more secure of his place because his chief clerk, Mr. R. E. Lee Gibson, the poet—and a mighty good poet he is, too—had a friendly status with the newspapers, especially the *Post-Dispatch*. Gibson's status has "worked." His friends on the *Post-Dispatch*, when he was accused by inference of taking a "rake-off" on the supplies furnished the institution, rallied first around Gibson and then around Dr. Runge. That's the reason Dr. Runge gets a page in the Sunday *P.-D.* to attack Dr. Simon. Dr. Runge has resigned, but many months ago he was prepared to do so, long before there was any sign of a clash between him and Dr. Simon. It seems to me that, scientist though he is, Dr. Runge has done the "cute" thing in resigning in a way to get as much advertising out of his action as possible, at the same time injuring the Democratic party as much as possible. Dr. Runge doesn't make a good case against Dr. Simon in charging that Dr. Simon put incompetent men in office. Every Democratic politician knows that Dr. Simon has "turned down" men they have sent him when they were found incompetent. Dr. Runge has made a great fuss and flare, but he doesn't disprove the fact that Dr. Simon has uncovered a festival of graft in the institutions. Dr. Runge has resigned because he wouldn't conduct his asylum in accordance with the rules of his superior officer, the Health Commissioner. The Health Commissioner says, and the evidence largely sustains him, that he was weeding crooks out of the asylum service and that Dr. Runge would not only not cooperate in the work, but openly obstructed it, when the besom of investigation came close to his friends. Dr. Simon has insisted upon his authority plainly given him by the city charter and ordinances. He has insisted upon putting out Republican grafters and putting in Democrats. He has not hesitated to tell the truth about appointing men on recommendation of the Jefferson Club's "job committee." That's bad policy. It shocks Dr. Runge. But we didn't hear of Dr. Runge belching forth his indignation when the Ziegenhein "push" was doing what the Jefferson Club is now doing. Dr. Runge is a good nerve specialist and the city is sorry to lose him; but Dr. Simon is cleaning out the grafters in the way it was right that he should "go." Dr. Runge in the way it is right that he should "go." Dr. Runge didn't "graft" or conceal "graft," of course, but he is a Republican and he kicked against Dr. Simon's Democratic directness. He was too gay because he had been appointed by a Democratic Mayor over Democratic protest. Dr. Runge is an able man as a neurologist, but he should stick to that. He is not a success in the role of fighting Dr. Simon for trying to clean the crooks out of the city institutions. Dr. Runge's resignation will not prove a successful diversion of approval of Dr. Simon's effective purification processes in the city institutions.



An Alibi.

MR. ROOSEVELT has proved an alibi in the matter of the Panama revolution. Let the making of history proceed!



Happy Omen.

I SHOULD say that it must strike appreciative St. Louisans as a happy omen that the theatrical season, locally, of 1904, should open with such an altogether delicious performance as Viola Allen's "Twelfth Night." Yes, I know "Twelfth Night" is Shakespeare's, but Miss Allen makes it mostly her own for the time being. One feels personal relief at the glad-some evidence in her work of Miss Allen's emancipation from the romantic-erotic drama with which she

has been latterly identified. There are traces of the staginess of that school still clinging to her work, but they are fading. The lady has come under the spell of the Shakespearean spirit, and she has the power to share it with her audiences most generously. O, for more of such blithe art of comedy in this day when we are oppressed with the coarse humor of the comic Sunday supplement. "Twelfth Night," at the Olympic this week, is worth seeing, and will be remembered.



Pants.

WHY were not Congressman Vandiver's franked pants flung to the breeze at the great Folk meeting? Who has dared to take down those pants that were Reform's guidon and oriflamme and gonfalon?



Orient War.

RUSSIA and Japan are as dilatory in getting down to business as our Yankee champion prize-fighters. If there's to be a scrap, let it begin at once. We shall sell goods to both sides and deplore the barbarity of war.



The Irish Renaissance.

MR. WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, who is being entertained in St. Louis, the while he instructs us, this week, is the spokesman of "the Celtic renaissance." He is a dainty poet, though not a great one. He deals in dreameries, in wistfulnesses. He apparently has no hold upon real life or character. His art deals by preference with the fancies of dreamily impractical people, and if it have beauty of a sort, this art has little strength. It is limited by its concern with incorporealities that yet are not spiritualities, but appertain to that middle region of faery "where nothing is." Mr. Yeats gives us beauty, but it is not more tangible than the ghost of a rainbow upon an ancient mist. But we may remember that Fra Lippo Lippi says, if we get beauty and naught else, we get about the best thing God invents. Mr. Yeats, aesthetically, as distinct from morally, decadent, deals with fluctuant things, with mists and shadows and waters and woman's hair. He sings in minor key, even when he essays to deal with fragments of such a ruddy, fierce, corporeally invested thing as the ancient Irish epic of "Cuchullain." There's a great deal of the morbid in the quality of Mr. Yeats' work. It is so plastic that it becomes, at times, flabby. Its simplicity loses fibre by the too apparent effort in its production. Mr. Yeats has been called "the Irish Chopin." The phrase is excellently descriptive, both of his qualities and his defects. With all his skill, there is an unhealthy fascination for him in vanished things, defeats, dead gods; dreams dreamed to nothingness, lost causes. I am an Irishman, and while I admire and enjoy the pretty artistry of Mr. Yeats, I cannot find in it high hope for Erin. This is no time for harking back to vaguenesses of evanescent beauty. If Ireland is to be a factor, her muse must have body and blood. The Irish theater must feed upon something more substantial, let us say, than "The Land of Heart's Desire" if it is to live. A little Irish idyllism drawn from the old pagan founts of inspiration may sweeten English literature, but, alas, I am sorry to say that "the Celtic renaissance," with its pathetic beauty, is more like the last flicker in the ash of a dying fire than like a new efflorescence of the rugged genius shown in the old story of Deirdre, that "unhappy Helen of a Western land." Mr. Yeats and most of his fellow "renaissancers" do for Ireland's "old, unhappy far-off things" just about what Mr. Lang in his delectable "Helen of Troy" did for Homer's mighty story. Still, Mr. Yeats is interesting. He makes a beautiful plea for the old Irish mysticism and simplicity to sain the world of writing. He would go far back to the sources of Celtic superstition for his motives, but to

me, of the Irish Irish, it seems that what is most of worth in the antique Erse literature is not the superstition, the fancies, the dreams thereof, but the wild, wilful, strong passionateness of the life and love of the men and women of that time. Mr. Yeats, Mr. Russell, Mr. George Moore, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Miss Dora Sigerson, Miss Nora Hopper—all the prophets and prophetesses of a New Ireland—are interesting and pretty in their method. The sad fact is that they are to be regarded as petty as well as pretty. Their work is dim, faint, unsubstantial. It has not touch nor grasp upon the Ireland of to-day. It is most of interest to the dilettante outlander, who regards it as a curiosity. If one is Irish one may object to a movement which unduly emphasizes his people's impracticality, even if it be dubbed "divine" to mitigate the

asperion. Ireland has something more than "an inheritance of dreams." Its poets should sing something more than loss and defeat. Its drama should rise beyond the note that is struck in Theocritus or by Mr. "A. E." Russell's Hibernian Buddhism in his mystic "Homeward Songs by the Way." Ireland is not to "take her place among the nations of the earth" as a result of Mr. Yeats' pleasant, but pathetic, because somewhat anæmic, renaissance. If there be Irish who are illuded with the thought that "the Irish renaissance" is the best that Irishmen can do in literature, let me tell them that the greatest poem of the last thirty years was written by a greatly gifted, but colossally misfortunate Irishman named Oscar Wilde, as "Convict C. 3, 3, 3," and its title is "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

been behind the scenes of a stage set for such a scenic wilderness of gauze drapery, paint, varnish, light wood, cordage and tackle as was necessary for the tableaux of "Bluebeard" will understand that it was the suddenly started and suddenly exhausted, but infinitely fierce blaze of the stage furnishment alone which suffocated, burned or stampeded the Iroquois audience.

The fire-curtain was of asbestos, in spite of many contradictions. The stage hands did everything in their power to lower it. First it stuck on a big reflector used to focus the radiance of the spot-light upon the performers. Then the attaches tried to hoist it a bit so as to knock away the impediment to its descent. Just then the stage door was opened for the panic-stricken actors and at the same moment the balcony exit in the top gallery was flung wide for the stampeding occupants of the gallery. A fearful draught coming in at the low door back of the stage and finding vent naturally towards the chimney provided by the opening of the gallery exits, bellied the half-down curtain like a giant sail in a hurricane. The big asbestos drop endured the strain for but a moment, then burst into a thousand fragments, letting out across the balconies an upward darting avalanche of blasting flame and smoke. So lightning-like was the speed of this vast sheet of fire that persons who sat hoping, praying or terror-stricken in their seats were literally struck dead were they sat. Some of the bodies found showed few signs of contact with the flames, one breath of which was sufficient to destroy them. The billow of fire rushed like a blight across them, and fire-like hurled itself towards the very exits in the gallery where half a hundred creatures were insanely battling to escape. There, as in a monstrous flue, all perished. The occupants of the parquette all escaped.

Why didn't the flame and smoke find egress through the fire-skylight above the stage? That would have confined the fire to the stage-end of the house. If the stage skylight had opened, the galleries crowded with people would not have been transformed in a moment into a furnace flue. Alas! The ifs and the ifs, how futile they seem in the infinite pity of the unspeakable facts. The fire-skylight above the stage didn't open. It was new; perhaps the builders had forgotten to set it in working order. Why was it that most of the many exits were not opened till the firemen and police battered them in upon heaps of dead? The doors generally were not locked, but a new, improved handle resisted the efforts of the frantic people who tried to open them. Why did all the lights in the balconies go out, plunging the multitude into a cimmerian maze? Because the stage switch-board regulated the lighting of both house and stage and it was burned or melted away in a second. Why did the City Building Commissioner approve the Iroquois the day before it was opened? Did he and his helpers inspect it, or did they take things for granted? Why didn't the ushers man the exits and open them? Some tried, but were beaten back, forced away by the madly excited mob.

But out of all the horrifying, heartrending pity of that infernal fifteen minutes, which changed the magnificent place of pleasure into a hideous charnel house, there must come a litany of ifs and whys that each of us should ask himself. Neglect of duty, bad citizenship, disregard of law, selfishness, avarice, thoughtlessness? Which of us may not be accessory before the fact perhaps in some small, indirect way, to the misery, the pain, even the death of a fellow-creature? Railroad men, theatrical managers, superintendents of hospitals, even pastors, every one who has a share of responsibility for the safety of others, and perhaps most of all those public officials whose duty lies directest in the enforcement of the law, may bring home the lesson written in fire and punctuated by nearly six hundred graves by the Iroquois Theater disaster.

The Iroquois Horror

By John H. Raftery

THE story of the Iroquois disaster has been well and widely told. Nearly 600 perished within fifteen minutes, and in the hospitals and in stricken homes 200 others, scorched, maimed or half-crazed survivors of the fire are struggling with slow death and prolonged agony.

Every theater and show-house in Chicago has been closed indefinitely by the Mayor. The authorities, the public and the press are now clamoring for the quick and permanent enforcement of the city ordinances. One branch of the press—that yellow, super-serviceable journalism which never fails to leap into the position of public guardian, champion and avenger—is shrieking for vengeance. It is feeding the popular frenzy with venomous accusations, with maudlin verses, with vindictive editorials, with exaggerations of facts that are monstrous enough to defy distortion, even at the hands of the yellows. These newspapers, as is their wont, are claiming credit for every move that is made in behalf of law, of justice, of investigation and of reform. As a matter of truth, they are transforming a solemn, sad and dignified public crusade into a snarling, yelping, bloodthirsty man-hunt.

At feud for a year with the unhappy managers of the ill-fated Iroquois, they now gloat over them in their downfall. Murderers, wholesale assassins, to ruin or the penitentiary with them! Such is the burden of the yellow journal's flowing, frothing pages. They are accusing, trying, condemning and crucifying their victims in advance. Revenge, self-laudation, dirty innuendos, personal animosity, sympathetic slop—all these notes are mingled in the yellow newspaper's chorus for reprisal.

The attitude of the decent press is one of stern and even angry introspection. They are saying in their editorial columns: "We, too, have been lax in demanding the enforcement or the enactment of the laws." They are sparing no man or institution that is implicated, directly or indirectly, by deed or omission. They are rousing the whole city to a poignant but just realization of the greed, indifference and public corruption which made the Iroquois disaster possible. The respectable newspapers are doing the most and the best of the work of investigation, and both their activities and their utterances are potent, weighty and stinging by very reason of the calm, impartial and impressive manner in which they have attacked and are pursuing the task before them.

That task, so long, so fatally neglected, is to secure the enforcement of the good laws we have and to

provide what additional measures may be necessary to the safeguarding of life from fire and panic. The sequential prosecution of this public duty involves complex, baffling, almost hateful details, but there is no doubt that it will be carried on to well-nigh perfect fulfillment, and the newspapers can and will do as much as any other influence to achieve it.

Whatever may be done in the way of legal punishment of Harry Powers and Will Davis, the managers of the lost Iroquois, or of Building Commissioner Williams, or of the dozens of hapless men who may be found guilty of neglect, or carelessness, or ignorance of their duty, or grafting, or whatever portion, great or small, which they contributed to the tragedy, it is quite certain that the mental agony of the consciousness of culpability, the awful sense of failure which is numbing their hearts now must be at last and always their greatest and most effective punishment. They are all good men, as men go; a little reckless, perhaps too confident, too prone to lean upon others, and, above all, a shade too eager for monetary gain. Which of us is guiltless of one or all of these charges? How many churches, schools; factories, newspaper offices; are safely equipped with life-saving appliances or panic preventives? The editors here who are prejudging the Iroquois managers have perhaps a thousand human beings at work day and night in a building that is a good example of Chicago's many fire-traps. Many unsuspected thieves have neither patience nor sympathy nor pity for the thief who is caught.

This reflection upon some of the developments of the Iroquois fire must not be read as an attempt to palliate the transgressions of those who are individually and collectively responsible for the disaster. A hundred circumstances and perhaps as many individuals contributed to the final catastrophe in which 587 people—mostly young women and little children—perished within a few minutes. There is no limit to the "ifs" in seeking for an explanation of the reasons why everything and everybody failed to work at the critical moment.

One fact is settled: the Iroquois Theater was fire-proof. The best evidence of this fact lies in the unimpaired strength and beauty of its superb structure as it stands to-day. The expenditure of a few thousand dollars would obliterate from its splendid interior every trace of the fire. Here is a warning to managers and owners who are over-secure in the knowledge that their theaters are fire-proof. Everybody who has

History Repeats Itself

A Remarkably Close Political Parallelism

"History Repeats Itself After Two Decades," is the caption of a comparison of the political history and progress of President Arthur and President Roosevelt, printed by the Washington "Post." Here it is:

"In June, 1880, an Ohio man, James A. Garfield, who had been conspicuous in the lower house of Congress was nominated by the Republicans for President. A New York man, Chester A. Arthur, was nominated for Vice-President. Soon after his inauguration, President Garfield was assassinated. Vice-President Arthur became President.

"President Arthur soon had to deal with corruption in the postal service. Discord arose among the Republicans of New York State. President Arthur made no secret of the fact that he desired the nomination in 1884. President Arthur had the support of the New York leaders.

"The convention of 1884 was called to meet at Chicago in June. The situation in New York State gave concern to the Republican leaders. The Democrats went to New York State for their presidential candidate.

"President Arthur was defeated for the Republican nomination."

"In June, 1900, an Ohio man, William McKinley, who had been conspicuous in the lower house of Congress, was nominated by the Republicans for President. A New York man, Theodore Roosevelt, was nominated for Vice-President. Soon after his inauguration, President McKinley was assassinated. Vice-President Roosevelt became President.

"President Roosevelt soon had to deal with corruption in the postal service. Discord arose among the Republicans of New York State. President Roosevelt has made no secret of the fact that he desires the nomination in 1904. President Roosevelt has the support of the New York leaders.

"The convention of 1904 has been called to meet at Chicago in June. The situation in New York gives concern to the Republican leaders. The Democrats are looking to New York State for their presidential candidate.

"Will President Roosevelt be defeated for the Republican nomination?"

The Merry Guide

By A. E. Housman

ONCE, in the wind of morning,
I ranged the thymy wold;
The world-wide air was azure
And all the brooks ran gold.

There, through the dew's beside me,
Behold a youth that trod
With feathered cap on forehead
And poised a golden rod.

With mien to match the morning
And gay, delightful guise
And friendly brows and laughter,
He looked me in the eyes.

"Oh, whence," I asked, "and whither?"
He smiled and would not say,
And looked at me and beckoned
And laughed and led the way

And with kind looks and laughter
And naught to say beside,
We two went on together,
I and my happy guide

Across the glittering pastures
And empty upland still
And solitude of shepherds
High in the folded hill,

By hanging woods and hamlets
That gaze through orchards down
On many a windmill turning
And far-discovered town,

With gay regards of promise
And sure, unslackened stride

And smiles and nothing spoken
Led on my merry guide.

By blowing realms of woodland
With sun-struck vanes afield
And cloud-led shadows sailing
About the windy weald,

By valley-guarded granges
And silver waters wide
Content at heart I followed
With my delightful guide.

And like the cloudy shadows
Across the country blown
We two fare on forever—
But not we two alone.

With the great gale we journey
That breathes from gardens thinned,
Borne in the drift of blossoms
Whose petals throng the wind;

Buoyed on the heaven-heard whisper
Of dancing leaflets whirled,
From all the woods that Autumn
Bereaves in all the world.

And midst the fluttering legion
Of all that ever died
I follow and before us
Goes the delightful guide,

With lips that brim with laughter,
But never once respond,
And feet that fly on feathers
And serpent-circled wand.

"Cosmos"

By Opie Read

OUT of vision arose fact, and after the poet came the scientist. I have just read "Cosmos," Ernest McGaffey's latest and most ambitious poem. Indeed, it is not only the most ambitious poem from Mr. McGaffey, but would be noteworthy in a more productive era and in the life of some old and favored poet whom age has crystalized and classic memory immortalized.

I do not lay claim to the office, and surely not to the accomplishment, of the critic. When I know that nearly all of the great appraisers of the past have failed to settle upon that book born with eternal life; when I know that when palaces have groaned to produce the sublime and have failed and when out of the furrow in the field has arisen a figure glorified by god-like muse, I feel that poetry must ever be the unexpected, the surprise, the accident. And greater is the surprise when it comes looked for, when the promise has been kept. During the swift flight of these latter years Mr. McGaffey has many a time fire-fled the dark night; and now where many a candle has burned out upon the moss-covered rock, he has set his lamp—"Cosmos."

*"For though enrobed in savage skins,
And though his forehead backward ran,
The brute was not all dominant
Some spark revealed a Primal plan;
His brain was coupled with his will,
The hairy mammal still was man."*

The failure of a Darwinian lifetime summed up in thirty-seven words!

With four lines a thousand pages are set at naught. The scientist comes after the poet and the poet comes after the scientist. With fresh discovery, the one is relegated to the garret, and if ever brought out again, to serve as a curio of man's vagrant though laborious thought. The other, an eternal truth.

*"And naught endures unless it stands
Linked with a deathless poet's name."*

"Cosmos" is Mr. McGaffey's longest poem and is fashioned into a beautiful book, from the Philosopher Press, of Wausau. Printed and bound in the woods of Wisconsin, by artists who live far from the world's confusion of tongues, of thought and of action, it looks as if it might have budded out upon a tree, to ripen and to fall sweet and luscious on the grass. But he is graceful, bound as he is with ponderous of strong sustenance. Indeed, it is the fulfillment of a promise made by a rising poet, who, a few years ago, his friends declared, would do something notable in the highest of all the arts. "Cosmos" is the book which Mr. McGaffey's enemies could not have wished him to write. And no great thought has failed to arouse enmity. To mediocrity it is too much of a jolt. It upsets frail cups and spills weak tea.

Mr. McGaffey is a sort of barbaric seer. In the aesthetic boudoir the furniture is too fragile for him. But he is graceful, bound as he is with ponderous muscles, and "Cosmos" will be in the full vigor of health when all of the pretty and pampered children of the breakfast-food muse lie dead and forgotten amid the rust and the rubbish of an age of false gods and immodest goddesses.

The Hand on the Latch

By Mary Cholmondeley

SHE stood at her low window, with its uneven wavering glass, and looked out across the prairie. A little snow had fallen—not much, only enough to add a sense of desolation to the boundless plain, the infinite plain outside the four cramped walls of her log hut. The log hut was like a tiny boat moored in some vast, tideless, impassable sea. The immensity of the prairie had crushed her in the earlier years of her married life; but gradually she had become accustomed to it, then reconciled to it; at last, almost a part of it. The grey had come early to her thick hair; a certain fixity to the quiet courage of her eyes. Her calm, steadfast face showed that she was not given to depression; but, nevertheless, this evening, as she stood watching for her husband's return, for the first distant speck of him where the cart-rut vanished into the plain, a sense of impending misfortune enfolded her with the dusk. Was it because the first snow had fallen? Ah me! How much it meant! It was as significant for her as the grey pallor that falls on a sick man's face. It meant the endless winter, the greater isolation instead of the lesser, the powerlessness to move hand or foot in that all-enveloping shroud—the struggle, not for existence (with him beside her that was assured), not for luxury (she had ceased to care for it, though he had not ceased to care, for her sake), but for life in any but its narrowest sense. Books, letters, human speech—through the long months these would be almost entirely denied her. The sudden remembrance of the larger needs of life flooded her soul touching to momentary semblance of movement many things long cherished, but long since dead, like delicate sea-plants beyond high-water mark, that cannot exist between the long droughts when the neap-tide does not come. She had known what she was doing when against the wishes of her family, she of the South had married him of the North, when she left the busy city life she knew and clave to her husband, following him over the rim of the world, as women will follow while they have feet to follow with. She was superior to her husband in birth, cultivation, refinement; but she had never regretted what she had done. The regrets were his for her, for the poverty to which he had brought her and to which she had not been accustomed. She had only one regret (if such a thin strip of a word as regret can be used to describe her passionate controlled desolation, immense as the prairie)—because she had no child. Perhaps if they had had children the walls of the log hut in the waste might have closed in on them less rigidly. It might have become more of a home.

Her mind had taken its old mechanical bent, the trend of long habit as she looked out from that low window. How often she had stood there and thought: "If only we might have had a child!" and now by sheer force of habit she thought it yet again. And then a slow rapture took possession of her whole being, mounted till she leaned against the window-sill faint with joy. She was to have a child after all. She had hardly dared believe it at first, but as time had gone on a vague hope, quickly suppressed as unbearable, had turned to suspense; suspense had alternated with the fierce despair that precedes certainty. Certainty had come at last, clear and calm and exquisite as dawn. She would have a child in the spring. What was the winter to her now! Nothing but a step towards joy. The world was all broken up, and made new. The prairie, its great loneliness, its deathlike solitude, were gone out of her life. She was to have a child in the spring. She had not dared

to tell her husband till she was sure. But she would tell him this evening when they were sitting together over the fire.

She stood motionless in the deepening dusk, trying to be calm. And at last, in the far distance, she saw a speck arise as it were out of a crease in the level earth. Her husband on his horse. How many hundreds of times she had seen him appear over the rim of the world, just as he was appearing now! She lit the lamp and put it in the window. She blew the log fire to a blaze. The firelight danced on the wooden walls crowded with cheap pictures, and on the few precious daguerreotypes that reminded her she too had brothers and sisters and kin of her own, far away in one of those Southern cities where the war was still smouldering grimly on.

Her husband took his horse round and stalled him. Presently he came in. They stood a moment together in silence, as their custom was, and she leaned her forehead against his shoulder. Then she busied herself with his supper, and he sat down heavily at the little table.

"Had you any difficulty this time in getting the money together?" she asked.

Her husband was a rent-collector.

"None," he said abstractedly. "At least, yes—a little. But I have it all, and the arrears as well. It makes a large sum."

He was evidently thinking of something else. She did not speak again. She saw his mind was troubled.

"I heard news to-day at Phillips," he said at last, "which I don't like. If I had heard in time, and if I could have borrowed a fresh horse, I would have ridden straight on to —. But it was too late in the day to be safe, and you would have been anxious what had become of me if I had been out all night with all this money on me. I shall go to-morrow as soon as it is light."

They discussed the business which took him to the nearest town, thirty miles away, where their small savings were invested—somewhat precariously, as it turned out. What was safe, who was safe while the invisible war between North and South smouldered on and on? It had not come near them; but as an earthquake which is engulfing cities in one part of Europe will rattle a tea-cup without over-setting it on a cottage shelf half a continent away, so the Civil War had reached them at last.

"I take a hopeful view," he said; but his face was overcast. "I don't see why we should lose the little we have. It has been hard enough to scrape it together. Promptitude and joint action with Reynolds will probably save it. But I must be prompt." He still spoke abstractedly, as if even now he were thinking of something else.

He began to take out of a leather satchel various bags of money.

"Shall I help you to count it?"

She often did so.

They counted the flimsy, dirty paper-money together, and put it all back into the various labelled bags.

"It comes right," he said.

Suddenly she said, "But you can't pay it into the bank to-morrow if you go to —."

"I know," he said, looking at her; "that is what I have been thinking of ever since I heard Phillips' news. I don't like leaving you with all this money in the house, but I must."

She was silent. She was not frightened for herself; she was not nervous, as he was; but she had al-

ways shared with him a certain dread of those bulging bags, and had always been thankful to see him return safe—he never went twice by the same track—after paying the money in. In those wild days, when men went armed, with their lives in their hands, it was not well to be known to have large sums about you.

He looked at the bags, frowning.

"I am not afraid," she said.

"There is no real need to be," he said, after a moment. "When I leave to-morrow morning it will be thought I have gone to pay it in. Still—"

He did not finish his sentence, but she knew what was in his mind—the great loneliness of the prairie. Out in the white night came the short, sharp yap of a wolf.

"I am not afraid," she said again.

"I shall only be gone one night," he said.

"I have often been a night alone."

"I know, but somehow it's worse leaving you with so much money in the house."

"No one knows it will be there."

"That is true," he said, "except that everyone knows I have been collecting large sums."

"They will think you have gone to pay it in, as usual."

"Yes," he said, with an effort.

Then he got up, and went to his tool-box. She watched him open it, seeing him in a new light, which encompassed him with even greater love. "If I tell him to-night," she thought, "it will make him far more anxious about leaving me. Perhaps he would refuse to go, and he must go. I will not tell him till he comes back."

The resolution not to speak was like taking hold of a piece of iron in frost. She had not known it would hurt so much. A new tremulousness, sweet and strange, passed over her—not cowardice, not fear, not of the heart nor of the mind, but a sort of emotion of the whole being.

"I will not tell him," she said again.

Her husband got out his tools, took up a plank from the floor, and put the money into a hole beneath it, beside their small valuables, such as they were, in a biscuit-tin. Then he replaced the plank, screwed it down, and she laid a small fur mat over the place. He put back the tools and then came and stood in front of her. He was not conscious of her transfiguration and she dropped her eyes for fear of showing it.

"I shall start early," he said; "as soon as it is light; and I shall be back before sundown the day after to-morrow. I know it is unreasonable, but I shall go easier in my mind if you will promise me one thing."

"What is it?"

"Not to go out of the house or let anyone else come in on any pretence whatever while I am away," he said. "Bar everything, and stay inside."

"I shan't want to go out."

He made an impatient movement.

"Promise me that, come what will, you will let no one in during my absence," he said.

"I promise."

"Swear it."

She hesitated.

"Swear it to please me," he said.

"I swear that I will let no one into the house, on any pretext whatever, until you come back," she said, smiling at him.

He sighed, and relapsed into his chair, and gave way to the great fatigue that possessed him.

The next morning he started soon after daybreak, but not until he had brought her in sufficient fuel to last several days. There had been more snow in the night—fine snow, like salt—but not enough to make traveling difficult. She watched him ride away, and silenced the voice within her which always said as she saw him go, "You will never see him again. You have heard his voice for the last time." Perhaps, after all, the difference between the brave and the cowardly lies in how they deal with that voice. Both hear it. She silenced it instantly. It spoke again more insistently. "You have heard his voice, felt his kiss for the last time. He will never see the face of his child." She silenced it again and went about her work.

The day passed as countless other days had passed. She was accustomed to be much alone. She had work to do—enough and to spare—within the little home which was to become a real home, please God, in the spring. The evening fell almost before she expected it. She locked and barred the doors, and closed the shutters of the windows. She made all secure, as she had done many a time before.

And then, putting aside her work, she took down the newest of her well-worn books, lately sent her from New Orleans, and began to read.

Oui, sans doute, tout meurt; ce monde est un grand rêve,

*Et le peu de bonheur qui nous vient en chemin,
Nous n'avons pas plus tôt ce roseau dans la main,
Que le vent nous l'enlève.*

"Que le vent nous l'enlève." She repeated the last words to herself. Ah! no. The wind could not take her happiness out of her hand.

A wandering wind had risen at nightfall, and it came softly across the snow, and tried the doors and windows as with a furtive hand. She could hear it coming as from an immense distance, passing with a sigh, returning plaintive, homeless, forlorn, to whisper round the house.

*J'ai vu sous le soleil tomber bien d'autres choses
Que les feuilles des bois, et l'écume des eaux,
Bien d'autres s'en aller que le parfum des roses
Et le chant des oiseaux.*

That wind meant more snow. Involuntarily she laid down her book and listened to it. How like the sound of the wind was to wandering footsteps, slowly drawing near, creeping round the house! She could almost have fancied that a hand touched the shutters, was even now trying to raise the latch of the door.

A moment of intense silence, in which the wind seemed to hold its breath and listen without, while she listened within. And then a low, distinct knock upon the door. She did not move.

"It is the wind," she said to herself; but she knew it was not.

The knock came again; low, urgent, not to be denied.

She had become very cold. She had supposed fear was an emotion of the mind. She had not reckoned for this slow paralysis of the body. She managed to creep to the window and unbar the shutter an inch or two. By pressing her face against the extreme corner of the pane she could just discern in the snow-light part of a man's figure, wrapped in a long cloak.

She barred the window once more. She was not surprised. She knew now that she had known it always. She had pretended to herself that the thief would not come; but she was expecting him when he knocked. And he stood there outside. Presently he would be inside.

He knocked yet again, this time more loudly. What need was there for silence when, for miles and miles

round, there was no ear to hear save that of a chance prairie dog?

She laid hold upon her courage, seeing that it was her only refuge, and went to the door.

"Who is there?" she said through a chink.

A man's voice, low and feeble, replied, "Let me in."

"I cannot let you in."

There was a short silence.

"I pray you let me in," he said again.

"I have told you I cannot. Who are you?"

"I am a soldier, wounded. I'm trying to get back to my friends at —." He mentioned a settlement about fifty miles north. "I have missed my way, and I can't drag myself any further."

Her heart swung violently between suspicion and compassion.

"I am alone in the house," she said. "My husband is away, and he made me promise not to let anyone in, on any pretence whatever, during his absence."

"Then I shall die on your doorstep," said the voice. "I can't drag myself any further."

There was another silence.

"It is beginning to snow," he said.

"I know," she said; and he heard the trouble in her voice.

"Open the door and look at me," he said, "and see if I can do you any harm."

She opened the door and stood on the threshold, barring the way. He was leaning against the doorpost with his head against it, as she had often seen her husband lean when he was talking to her on a summer evening. Something in his attitude, so like her husband's, touched her strangely. Supposing he were in need and pleaded for help in vain!

The man turned his face towards her. It was sunk and hollow, ravaged with pain—an evil-looking face. His right arm was in a sling under his tattered military cloak. He seemed to have made his final effort, and now stood staring dumbly at her.

"My husband will never forgive me," she said, with a sob.

He said nothing more. He seemed at the last point of exhaustion. Through the dim white night a few flakes of snow fell upon his harsh, repellant face, and on his bandaged arm.

A sudden wave of pity carried all before it. She beckoned him into the house and locked and barred the door. She put him in her husband's chair by the fire. He hardly noticed anything. He seemed stupefied. He sat staring alternately at the fire and at her. When she asked him to which regiment he belonged he did not answer.

She set before him the supper she had prepared for herself, and chafed his hard, emaciated, dirty hand till the warmth returned to it. Then he ate, with difficulty at first, then with slow voracity, all she had put before him.

A semblance of life returned gradually to him.

"I was pretty near done up when I knocked," he said several times.

She dressed his wound, which did not appear very deep, wrapped it in fresh bandages, and readjusted his sling. He took it all as a matter of course.

She made up a little bed of rugs and blankets for him in the back kitchen. When she came back to the living room she found he had dragged himself to his feet, and was looking vacantly at a little picture of President Lincoln on the mantelshelf. She showed him the bed and told him to lie down on it. He obeyed her implicitly, like a child. She left him, and presently heard him cast himself down. A few minutes later she went to the door and listened. His heavy, regular breathing told her he was asleep.

She went back to the kitchen and sat down by the fire.

Was he really asleep? Was it all feigned—the wound, the story, the exhaustion? Had she been trapped? Oh, what had she done! what had she done!

She seemed like two people. One self silent, alert, experienced, fearless, knew that she had allowed herself to be deluded in spite of being warned, knew that her feelings had been played upon, made use of, not even dexterously made use of; knew that she had disobeyed her husband, broken her solemn oath to him, plunged him with herself into disgrace if the money were stolen. And in the eyes of that self it was already stolen. It was still under the plank beneath her feet, but it was already stolen.

The other self, emotional, inconsequent, full of irresistible tenderness for suffering and weakness, even in its uncouth garb, said incessantly—

"I could do no less. If I die for it still I could do no less. Somebody brought him into the world. Some woman cried for joy and anguish when he was born. He would have died if I had not taken him in. I could do no less."

Through the long hours she sat by the fire, unable to reconcile herself to going upstairs to her own room, and to bed.

Through the long hours she sat by the fire, unable to reconcile herself to going upstairs to her own room, and to bed.

Once she got up and noiselessly took down her husband's revolver from the mantelshelf, and examined it. He had taken its fellow with him, and apparently, contrary to his custom, he had taken the powder-flask with him too, for it was gone from its nail. The revolvers were always kept loaded, but—by some evil chance—the one that remained was unloaded. She could have sworn she had seen her husband load it two days ago. Why was this numbness creeping over her again? She got out powder and bullets from a small store she had of her own, loaded and primed the revolver, and laid it on the table beside her.

The night had become very still. Her hearing seemed to reach out till she felt she could have heard a cayute move in its hole miles away. The log fire creaked and shifted. The tall clock in the corner ticked, catching its chain now and then as its manner was. The wooden walls shrunk and groaned a little. The small home-like sounds only accentuated the enormous silence without. Suddenly, in the midst of them, a real sound fell upon her ear; very low, but different, not like the fragmentary inadvertent murmur of the hut; a small purposeful, stealthy sound, aware of itself. She listened, as she had listened before, without moving. It was not louder than the whistling of a mouse behind the wainscot, hardly louder than the scraping of a mole's thin hand in the soil. It continued. Then it stopped. It was only her foolish fancy after all. There it was again! Where did it come from?

The man in the next room?

She took up the lamp and crept down the narrow passage to the door of the back kitchen. His loud, even breathing sounded distinctly through the cranies of the ill-fitting door. Surely it was over-loud! She listened to it. She could hear nothing else. Was his breathing a pretence? She opened the door noiselessly and went in, shading the light with her hand.

She bent over the sleeping man. At the first glance her heart sank, for he had not taken off his boots. But as she looked hard at him her suspicions died within her. He lay on his back, with his coarse, emaciated face towards her, his mouth open, showing his broken teeth. The sleep of utter exhaustion was

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upon him. She could have killed him as he lay. He was not acting. He was really asleep.

She crept out of the room again leaving the door ajar, and went back to the kitchen.

Hardly had she sat down when she heard the sound again. It was too faint to reach her except when she was in the kitchen. She knew now where it came from—the door. Someone was picking the lock.

The instant the sleeping man was out of her sight she suspected him again.

Was he really asleep, after all? *He had not taken off his boots.* When she came back from making his bed she had found him standing by the mantelshef. Had he unloaded the revolver in her absence? Would he presently get up and open the door to his confederates?

Her mind rose clear and cold and unflinching. She took up the revolver and then laid it down again. She wanted a less noisy weapon. She got out her husband's great clasp-knife from the open tool-box, took the lamp, and crept back to the man's bedside. She should be able to kill him. Certainly she should be able to kill him; and then she should have the revolver for the other one.

But he still slept heavily. When she saw him again, again her suspicions fell from her. She *knew* he was asleep.

She shook him by the shoulder noiselessly, but with increasing violence, until he opened his eyes with a groan. Then only she remembered that she was shaking his wounded arm. He saw the knife in her hand and raised his left arm as if to ward off the blow.

"Listen," she whispered close to his ear. "Don't speak. There is a man trying to break into the house! You must get up and help me."

He stared at her, vaguely at first, but with growing intelligence. The food and sleep had restored him somewhat to himself. He sat up on the couch.

"Take off my boots," he whispered. "I tried, and could not."

Her last suspicion of him vanished. She cut the laces with her knife, and dragged his boots off. They stuck to his feet, and bits of the woolen socks came off with them. They had evidently not been taken off for weeks. While she did it he whispered, "Why should anyone be wanting to break in? There's nothing here to take."

"Yes, there is," she said. "There is a lot of money."

"Good Lord! Where?"

"Under the floor in the kitchen."

"Then it's the kitchen they'll make for. You bet they know where the money is if they know it's here. Are there many of 'em?"

"I don't know."

"Well, we shall know soon enough," said the man—he had become alert, keen. "Have you any firearms?"

"Yes, one."

"Fetch it; but don't make a sound, mind."

She stole away, and returned with the revolver. She would have put it into his hand, but he pushed it away.

"It's no use to me," he said, "with my right arm in a sling. I will see what I can do with my left hand and the knife. Can you shoot?"

"Yes."

"Can you hit anything?"

"Yes."

"To be depended on?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's darned lucky! How long will that door hold?"

They were both in the little passage by now, pressed close together, listening to the furtive *pick, pick*, of someone at the lock.

"I don't think it will hold more than a minute."

"Now look here," he said. "I shall go and stand at the foot of the stair, and knife the second man if there is a second. The first man I'll leave to you. There's a bit of light outside from the snow. He'll let in enough light to see him by as he opens the door. Don't wait. Fire at him as he comes in, and don't stop; go on firing at him till he drops. You've got six bullets. Don't you make any mistake and shoot me. I've had enough of that already. Now, you look carefully where I'm going to stand, and when I'm there you put out the lamp."

He spoke to her as a man does to his comrade. That she could be frightened did not seem to enter his calculations. He moved with cat-like stealth to the foot of the tiny staircase and flattened himself against the wall. Then he stretched his left arm once or twice as if to make sure of it, licked the haft of the knife, and nodded at her.

She instantly put out the lamp.

All was dark save for a faint thread of light which outlined the door. Across the thread something moved—once, twice. The sound of picking ceased. Then another sound succeeded it—a new one, unlike the last, as if something were being gently pried open, wrenched.

"The bar will hold," she said to herself; and then remembered for the first time that the rung into which the bar slid had been loose these many days. It was giving now.

It had given!

The door opened silently, and a man came in. For a moment she saw him clear, with the accomplice snow-light behind him. She did not hesitate. She shot, once and again. He fell, and struggled violently up, and she shot again. He fell, and dragged himself to his knees; and she shot again. Then he sank gently and slowly down, as if tired, with his face against the wall, and moved no more.

The man on the stairs rushed out, and looked through the open door.

"By G—, he was single-handed!" he said. Then he stooped over the prostrate man and turned him over on his back.

"Dead!" he said, chuckling. "Well done, Missus! Stone dead!"

He was masked.

The dirty left hand tore the mask callously from the gray face.

The woman had drawn near and looked over his shoulder.

"Do you know him?" said the man.

For a moment she did not answer; and the revolver, which had done its work so well, dropped noisily out of her palsied hand.

"He is a stranger to me," she said, looking fixedly at her husband's fading face.

From the Illustrated London News, Christmas Number.

Divorce and Marriage

By Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane, D. D., Bishop of Albany

PEOPLE approach convictions about the question of the rightfulness of remarriage after divorce along very different paths partly because they approach the whole question of *marriage* from very different starting points. (a) Marriage is a civil contract which the State recognizes and administers. (b) Marriage is the natural relation between a man and woman entered into by an act of common consent. (c) Marriage is a divine institution, "instituted of God in the time of man's innocence," and recognized and confirmed as such by our Lord. This last description includes and involves the other two. But the first often excludes and denies the last.

So as to the question of remarriage after divorce there are varying views. The Roman Catholic Church recognizes no divorce at all with any right to remarry. The Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church in America allow remarriage to the innocent party divorced for the cause of the adultery of the other. The Presbyterian Church adds incurable desertion as an admitted cause, etc., while in the civil law there is a wide range from the absolute prohibition in South Carolina, and the single acknowledged cause in New York, to desertion, lack of support, etc., in the different States.

The disease is more easy to detect than to cure. I do not believe in the effort to secure a uniform divorce law by congressional action through an amendment to the Constitution. I do believe that the churches need to speak more plainly about the evil, to try to come to some mutual understanding about their practice. But the point which is most important to reach is the moulding of public opinion and the inoculation of society with sound convictions to be put in practice.

There is a grave question, and the question is growing graver, whether there is any scriptural sanction for dissolving the *bond* of marriage for any cause whatever. But there is no question that the Scriptures

do not recognize any cause except adultery as making a divorce possible. In all other cases it must be only a separation. My own conviction is that the bond is indissoluble except by death. Surely the Christian sentiment of thoughtful men might come to feel the danger of going beyond the letter of Scripture. This would considerably reduce the frequency of divorce, although it would still leave untouched the scandal of collusion, and the difficulty of finding what is called the innocent party in a divorce suit.

A public journal, not caring to enter into the theological discussion or to deal with it from the purely religious point of view, is more concerned with the practical condition as it exists in the country to-day. The *Evening Post* contained the other day this account, not exaggerated, of what recently occurred in a place of large society resort:

"The groom Mr. X., had already been married once, but Mrs. X. had, thanks to the mercy of the divorce court, been able to get another husband. The bride Mrs. Y., had also been married, but she had entered a suit for divorce. While waiting for the decision she had lost no time in vain repining, but had become engaged to Mr. X. The decree was handed down yesterday, and at the end of one hour and twenty minutes Mrs. Y. became Mrs. X. No. 2. The judge who granted the decree also performed the ceremony; and, in order to preserve the unities, he wore the same judicial robes."

Of course these more conspicuous instances attract the largest attention, but they are probably indications of innumerable cases in the humbler walks of life.

The power of the press should be noted to create and mould a public opinion which shall denounce such flagrant outrages, degrading the sanctity of marriage, disturbing the whole family relation and destroying the security of the home, all which underlie human society. Much has been accomplished by laws enacted

A
Great Event

Nugent's

60th
Semi-Annual

CLEARING SALE

Twice a year for thirty years.....

Nugent's great clearing sales have amazed and delighted the thrifty people of St. Louis. Yet we have not followed a rut—there is the vigor of persistent, experienced endeavor all along the line, each succeeding sale far surpassing previous ones. We have never carried goods over from one season to the next and *we never will*. Thirty busy years have taught us to make each season take care of itself and to close out all remaining stocks regardless of cost, value or loss!

There's a time and it is NOW!

A time when record-breaking prices prevail at Nugent's—a time when goods are sold regardless of cost or profit—a time when eager buyers crowd our store by thousands, attracted hither by the irresistible power of clearing prices that fairly shout economy!

There's a time to buy and it is now!

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Company, Broadway, Washington Ave.
and St. Charles Street.

through the influence of the American Bar Association and by the sound and careful legislation which controls the District of Columbia. But the demand still exists that the attention of the people at large shall be called to the disgrace and danger of existing conditions; and as one pulls down blocks of houses to arrest a fire, so extreme and drastic measures are justified in the effort to check the progress of this spreading social disease. *New York Weekly.*

COMMUNICATIONS

TRUTH AND FOOD.

Editor *The Mirror*:

Americans spend too much for dinners. Too much money, which is the least evil; too much time, which amounts to more than the money wasted, and, last, but not least, to be considered, too much mental force is wasted in the effort of the stomach and intestines to care for such a mass of edibles and potables. All the blood that should be used for brain activity is called away from that organ and, to offset its apparent stupidity, wine imbibed gives a false stimulus to the mind, and "all goes merry as the marriage bell." Even as the enemy stole upon Waterloo, so his arch enemy steals the brain of man. Huge dinners, once or twice a year, like Xmas or Thanksgiving, man may eat and recover from; even from the once-a-month feast at hotel or club he may recuperate, but for him to set and gorge to his utmost capacity three hours

each day is a shame and a disgrace in this intellectual and civilized age.

It is a practice that has become habitual, and is catered to by the many keepers of café and European plan restaurateurs. Let us have an American plan, and have it soon—a plan, not so much to lessen the time for eating, as the quantity taken at an eating. There must be a happy medium; neither the extreme of too much nor too little. Americans are becoming fair judges of quality of food, and are not easily deceived with high seasoning, and "imported" names, yet they try too hard to get their money's worth at every meal in the day.

It makes the victim susceptible to diseases of all kinds, disqualifies him for business effort, and does even more to harm the race than alum in baking powder, though that does a vast deal of human harm, and is upheld in an inhuman way. The cry, nowadays, seems to be, get a big dinner. There is money in it—yes—for the hotel or restaurant.

What do you get out of it? What Odell will get by withholding Zeigler—a stomach ache, if not a complete knockout.

There would be more justice in the present day if there was less whipped cream and froth that is mistaken for food. Food, like Truth, must be pure and simple, but unlike truth, too much can be taken for the good of the taker—not, remember, of the undertaker.

St. Louis, January 1, 1904. X.

ABOUT "BEN BLUNT."

Editor of *The Mirror*:

Having for some years been an appreciative reader of the *MIRROR*, and having, as I believe, enjoyed in some measure the personal friendship of its editor, I make bold to offer these observations upon an editorial which appeared in the *MIRROR* on December 31, 1903, and which was entitled "Speed Mosby's Book."

The public may care very little about me or my book. But there are some things which are of interest to all man-

kind. One of these things is the high sense of personal honor which, to a just and fearless man, is dearer than his life. Nor can the world in general (and in particular the intellectual classes who read the *MIRROR*), be utterly insensible to these finer feelings which are shared alike by the humblest and the greatest men. Justice is still something in the world, the sense of common fairness is something, and honor is everything.

These considerations inspire the hope that it may interest your readers to know something of the facts regarding the subject treated in the editorial mentioned, especially in view of the plain and honest statement that you "don't know anything about the facts." I am quite sure that nothing short of sheer ignorance of those facts could have induced the *MIRROR* to apply with such freedom the terms "advertising scheme" and "fake advertising scheme" to the story of my elimination from the office of Deputy Clerk of the Supreme Court of Missouri.

Know, then, that I received an offer from a St. Louis newspaper to review "Ben Blunt" in advance of publication. Believing that the advertising would be valuable, and that no harm could possibly flow from it, I gave my consent that the paper be supplied with the proofs of the book. I knew not what the review would contain, and my anxiety over the condition of a child which was then lying at the point of death, prevented me from taking any steps to learn what the paper would say about me or my book.

On Saturday morning, November 28th, our little one was pronounced out of immediate danger, and I went to St. Louis that evening, to learn, if possible, what the paper was going to say. I arrived too late. The paper was in press. With that review all of the readers of the MIRROR who care anything at all about it are doubtless familiar.

Returning at once to Jefferson City, I went immediately to the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court. My superior was up-stairs, talking to some of the court. I then at once called upon Gov. Dockery and other State officials, and assured them that I knew nothing of the contents of that review before its publication, and respectfully asked that the book be allowed to speak for itself. They accepted my statement, apparently, in good faith. A few minutes later I found the clerk of the court in his office and made the same statement to him. He seemed disinclined to believe me, and insisted that I had resigned through and by means of the review in question, and told me, moreover, that he had made all his arrangements accordingly. This without having seen me, or heard a word from me in person. However, upon the afternoon of that day he came to me and assured me that he had acted hastily, and he then told me that I could hold my office as long as I wanted to, or that I needn't leave until I got ready, or something to that effect. Upon that date, December 1, I issued a statement to the press disavowing the review mentioned, and stating that I would continue in my office and would not resign, and had no intention of so doing. A few days later the clerk of the court had another talk with me, in which he stated that he had read the book, that he thought the work an outrageous and scandalous performance, and that my successor had been appointed.

I deplore the necessity of going into these details over what ought to be an insignificant matter, but these are the facts, and I am willing to support them by solemn oath. From them you may readily see how little ground there is for intimating that I have concocted a "fake advertising scheme" wherewith to defraud my friends and brothers in the profession of journalism. As a man, and, I hope, a gentleman, I feel it a profound personal duty to insist that those who are responsible for my dismissal shall assume all responsibility for that act and all its attendant consequences, whatever those consequences may be. I am loth to believe that the clerk of the court did this of his own free will, but I do not know, and therefore do not assert it to be a fact, that he was governed by influences other than

the dictates of his judgment. But, whoever is responsible, I blame no man for the mere fact of ordering my discharge. That they had a perfect right to do. But they have no right to shirk responsibility, and thus put me in the attitude of a fakir who imposes upon the credulity of the people in order to vend his wares. It is asking too much of human nature to expect that I can patiently endure this sort of thing. I am a lover of peace and quietude, and disposed to amity with all the world. I have never sought notoriety, and that which I have lately gained is not an unmixed blessing. I seek no quarrel with any man, but am, nevertheless, ready to give blow for blow in defense of all that I hold dear in this world. They may take from me the salary which I drew; I care not for that. But the man who would rob me of my reputation as an honest man must be ready to defend himself.

So far as concerns the report that I contemplated moving to St. Louis, I have never thought of so doing, nor uttered any intimation to that effect.

It is useless to speculate upon the motives which induced my dismissal, but if they be open to the charge of littleness, it is smaller still to seek to avoid the consequences of that act.

The MIRROR, of course, was innocent of any intention to misrepresent, for it professes no knowledge. But the same report has come to my ears from other sources, and in such manner as to induce the belief that it is either the result of a painful misunderstanding or of downright malicious intent.

This much in justice to you, your readers and myself, for we are all equally interested in the truth.

SPEED MOSBY.

Jefferson City, Mo., January 1, 1904.



Time was when a tubular chime hall clock was too expensive for ordinary means. We have them now at prices to suit the moderate purse.

J. BOLLAND JEWELRY CO.,
Seventh and Locust Streets.



A careless gossip: Miss Kidder—"They've only been married six months, but whenever her husband goes away on a business trip she's delighted, and prepares to have a good time." Miss Meanley—"Ah! Do you know I suspected something like that. I always said—" Miss Kidder—"Yes. You see, he takes her with him."—Philadelphia Ledger.



Miss Bosting—"It couldn't have been very comfortable automobiling along that back road yesterday." Miss Flurtey—"Oh! did you see Mr. Huggard and me?" Miss Bosting—"Yes, and when I saw you, you were oscillating from one side to the other." Miss Flurtey—"Oh! that's a fib! The osculating was all on his side."—Philadelphia Press.



Artistic diamond jewelry in bewildering array at prices as low as consistent for strictly fine goods at

J. BOLLAND JEWELRY CO.,
Seventh and Locust Streets.



When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

We are now ready to show the Grandest Display of

ARTISTIC DIAMOND AND GOLD JEWELRY

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AN ACCEPTABLE AND
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SILK
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All Grades

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Our Holiday Line
is worth seeing.

WE MADE THEM.

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Near Sixth St.

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A. KURTZEBORN & SONS,
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TURKISH BATHS

Exclusively for Ladies.
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F. DE DONATO, Prop.

The New Washington

Kingshighway and Washington Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF.

Accommodations for Transient or Permanent Guests. Rates No Higher Than Other First-Class Hotels. Strictly First-Class Service. Table D'Hôte Dinners. Arrangements can be made for Banquets, Receptions, Weddings and Parties. Banquet and Reception Halls. Private Dining Parlors. Pure Water from Artesian well on Premises. All latest improvements and long distance telephones in each room. Three minutes walk to Forest Park—five minutes walk to World's Fair Grounds. All principal car lines within a block.

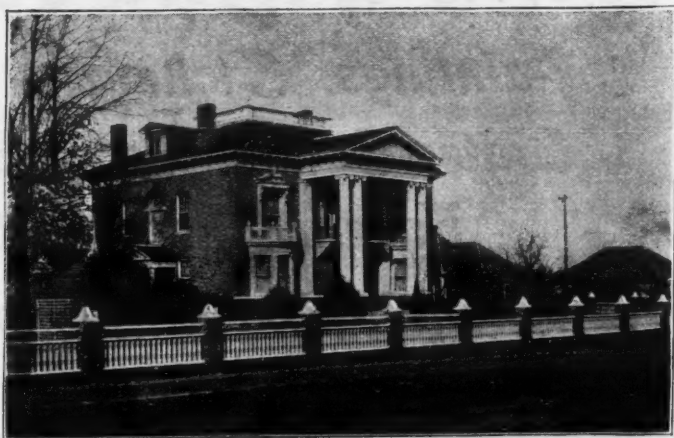
JOHN C. KNAPP.

Arkansas

**As a place to live
and get along.**

One of the greatest mistakes many people make is in assuming that Arkansas is not a desirable place to live, to build a home.

The climate, winter or summer, is milder than Missouri or Illinois. Summer heat is not so oppressive, nights are cooler. How many cases of sunstroke or heat prostration have you ever read about in Arkansas? Asthma, catarrh, pneumonia and pulmonary troubles, common to Northern States, are scarcely known in Arkansas. These are facts. Statistics show Arkansas to be one of the healthiest states in the Union largely accounted for, it is claimed, by the pure water.



A JONESBORO, ARK., RESIDENCE.

There are numerous good towns in Arkansas along the Cotton Belt; Reelfoot, Piggott, Paragould, Jonesboro, Brinkley, Clarendon, Stuttgart, De Witt, Pine Bluff, Fordyce, Camden, Texarkana, containing many beautiful homes and inhabited by a generous and open hearted people.

Business opportunities in Arkansas are many and varied. The country is rapidly settling up, its resources are being developed. Northern people with Northern energy and capital are taking up the cheap lands and building themselves homes, improving, developing—making money.



A JONESBORO, ARK., RESIDENCE.

The Cotton Belt Route maintains double daily service between St. Louis and Arkansas points, traversing the best portions of the State, linking the commercial interests of St. Louis with the agricultural and industrial development of Arkansas.

In inducing immigration to Arkansas the Cotton Belt Route has adopted a series of low rate home-seekers' excursions, about



COUNTRY HOME NEAR JONESBORO, ARK.

half fare, effective twice a month. The nearby dates are January 19, February 2 and 16, March 1 and 15. For further information, literature, maps, etc., address

E. W. LaBEAUME,

G. P. and T. A., Cotton Belt,

St. Louis.

SOCIETY

Christmas and New Year's weeks were not very gay socially, and now that the holidays are over society is once more engaging itself.

The most interesting of the engagements just announced is that of Miss Lilly Coale and Mr. William Briscoe Kinealy. In some quarters this engagement was received with surprise, for there was a belief that Mr. Kinealy had already bound himself in another direction. Miss Coale is a daughter of the late Samuel A. Coale, the art connoisseur and patron, whose stately home in Vandeventer Place was a veritable treasure box of art works. Her mother is Mrs. Elizabeth Holderby Coale, member of an old Missouri family. The date of the wedding will be Wednesday, January 20. It will take place in the new cathedral chapel, Rev. Father D. S. Phelan officiating. Miss Eugenie Coale, sister of the bride, will be maid of honor. Misses Alice Taylor and Harriet Whyte will serve as bridesmaids. Mr. John Briscoe, of California, the groom's cousin, will act as best man, and Mr. John Blackmer Coale will be the groomsman of the party.

Miss Susan Nickerson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Nickerson, has announced her engagement to Mr. Scott Bryan, of New York. The wedding will take place after Lent at the McPherson avenue home of the Nickersons.

Miss Bessie Maguire, another charming girl will remove from St. Louis after her marriage to Mr. Delbert Young, of Tacoma, Wash., which will soon follow her engagement just announced, together with that of Miss Fay Hall and Mr. William Rothenberry, of Little Rock, Ark. Miss Maguire is the daughter of Mr. Robert W. Maguire, of Bartmer avenue, and Miss Hall is a daughter of Mr. Charles Hall, of Russell avenue.

St. Louis society is interested in a Boston engagement, recently announced, that of Mr. Dudley Clark, a former St. Louisan, and Miss Cornelia Andrew, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Andrew, of the Hub. Miss Andrew is a niece of Mrs. Hampden Robb and related to the Amos M. Thayers, of St. Louis.

Mrs. Alice Lyle, of 3537 Morgan street, announces the engagement of her daughter, Edith Lyle, to Mr. Grant Smith, the wedding to take place Saturday, January 30, at the home of Mrs. Lyle. Miss Lyle is a daughter of the late Marshall D. Lyle.

Mr. Samuel Goddard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Goddard, of Washington boulevard, will soon be united in wedlock with Miss Florence Hilton Denham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Thatcher Denham, of Malden, Mass. Their engagement was announced by the Denhams at the Christmas dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ware are expected in St. Louis in a few days, coming here from Greenwich, Mass., where Mr. Ware announced his marriage to Miss Edith Hoyt, a niece of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Hoyt, of West Pine boulevard. Mrs. Ware has often been entertained by her St. Louis relatives and will prove a charming acquisition to society here.

Thursday, January 14, has been named as the wedding day of Miss Sophy M.

Schwab, daughter of Mrs. A. Schwab, of Lindell boulevard, and Doctor Hugo Ehrenfest. The wedding will be solemnized at high noon, attended exclusively by relatives of bride and groom.

Mrs. George A. Madill and Mr. Edward S. Robert were quietly married Monday afternoon at the home of the bride in Lindell boulevard. Rev. Dr. Samuel J. Nicolls performed the ceremony, which was attended only by the nearest relatives of the contracting parties. Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Robert left on a honeymoon journey East.

The society event of early February will be the recital to be given by Richard Platt, the St. Louisan, now living in Boston, where he has opened a studio. Mr. Platt recently returned from Europe, where he studied the piano under the leading masters. His recital at Steinert Hall a few evenings ago evoked enthusiastic praise by the most noted Boston critics and a large and interested audience.

Mrs. Joseph Traunmiller, her daughter Adele, and the younger children will return to-morrow from Milwaukee, where they have spent the holidays. A delightful reunion brought together all the members of the family in Chicago, Memphis and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Breckenridge Jones have taken up their residence at the Westmoreland Hotel and will remain there till the beginning of the World's Fair.

A prominent society event of this week was the recital given by Miss Grace Chamberlain at the Odeon Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Charles White Scudder and Mrs. George Warren Brown were the sponsors of the affair, to which admittance was given only by card.

Mrs. Celeste Rose, of Washington boulevard, entertained informally last Monday evening Miss Lilly Coale and Mr. William Briscoe Kinealy and their bridal party.

Miss Alice Taylor will entertain the Coale-Kinealy bridal party next week, and Miss Harriet Whyte will give them a dinner Saturday. Miss Eugenia Fusz will be hostess at a large affair to which she has issued forty invitations, and Miss Violet Thatcher has announced her plans for an informal entertainment to be given to the cooking class to which Miss Coale belongs.

Seriously missed will be that delightful hostess, Mrs. Crawford Duncan, of West Pine boulevard. The Duncans will remove to Louisville, Ky., in two weeks, to make that their permanent home. Mrs. Duncan was pretty Rose Cronk.

President D. R. Francis and Mrs. Francis will inaugurate with next Sunday a series of receptions, which will be entirely informal in character, though callers will be received only by card. These receptions will bring to the Francis mansion not only the friends of the family, but the strangers in the city, who come here with the World's Fair. In this way the ex-Governor and his charming wife will gather around their hospitable fireside all the celebrities who are whilom residents, bringing them in contact with the large circle of friends of the Francis, both privately and officially. That these receptions will be brilliant goes without saying. Mr. and

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney

DRESSMAKING REDUCTIONS

(Fourth Floor)

As in former years, dressmaking reductions took effect January first and will continue until the first of February.

Only sufficient work will be taken to enable us to keep our very competent working force intact during the quiet season.

Reductions apply to all classes of dressmaking and tailoring.

Make arrangements now.

Works of Art.

in Paintings. Etchings.

Water Colors. Bronzes.

Favrile Glass. Etc.

The Noonan-Kocian Company

617 Locust Street, St. Louis.

Mrs. Francis possess the tact and qualities to make them most charming and delightful to those who are invited.

St. Nicholas Hotel Ladies' Restaurant and private dining rooms reopened for the season! newly and beautifully decorated and furnished. Special arrangements made for theater parties.

❖ ❖ ❖

Mrs. Flanagan: War your ould man drunk in de procishun or war he jist dodgin' de mud-puddles? Mrs. Murphy: He war nayther. Shure the divil med him forgit thim Swope shoes, and his fait bothered him. Yer fait never hurt in Swope's shoes. The store is at 311 N. Broadway.

❖ ❖ ❖

"What makes you so bad, Tommy?" asked an old lady of a precocious youngster.

"'Cause the good die young," answered the incorrigible Tommy.

❖ ❖ ❖

"That woman's boss of the ward all right," said the first repeater, in the days of female suffrage, "and she's a regular terror, ain't she?" "That's what!" replied

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

Schoen's Orchestra

OFFICE AT THE ODEON

All the Popular Music.

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DORA WEEMAN.

KITTY MCCOOLE.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS

Manicuring Parlors.

521-522 Commercial Bldg.,

S. E. Cor. Sixth and Olive sts.

Office Hours, 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. Also Hair Dressing Formerly with Jean F. Mason.

the other. "I wanted \$2 for my vote, and she wouldn't gimme more'n \$1.98." —Philadelphia Press.

Furniture, Carpets, Draperies

Before taking an inventory we want to convert a limited amount of our stock into cash, and offer this unusual discount on every article in our establishment. Nothing but fresh, clean and up-to-date goods are in our house. Every grade is represented, the cheapest as well as the finest. The price and quality is guaranteed. Don't miss this splendid opportunity.

Satisfaction

Guaranteed

20%

DISCOUNT

GEORGIA-STIMSON

Furniture and Carpet Co.

Now is the time to buy Carpets, Rugs, Matting, Linoleums and Curtains. Avoid the Spring and World's Fair rush; make your selections now. We will make up your carpets and curtains and hold them for future delivery and have them in your home on one day's notice. Taking advantage of this discount promptly will save you from 30 to 40 per cent, because carpets are higher and still going up.

Everything marked
in Plain Figures.

616-618 Washington Ave.

THEATRICALS

Nat M. Wills, the most unctuous tramp the vaudeville stage ever had, shows at the Grand Opera House this week, his tramp type in a musical comedy entitled "A Son of Rest." Broadhurst and Currie are the authors of the delightful melange, which is presented by Mr. Wills and his company of sixty clever people. The refinement of Wills' tramp is its chief allurements. With methods clean and wit that is never coarse, the popular Nat achieves more in a minute than all the other tramp impersonators from Walter Jones down. Mr. Wills' tramp clothes are in themselves a study worth making while he is on the stage. The music to "A Son of Rest" is charming, and rendered most satisfactorily by the large chorus and capable set of principals. The mounting of the piece is in line with the best musical comedies here this season. The nightly demonstrations of the workings of the fire curtain, inaugurated by Manager Sheehan, add no little to the comfort of the immense audiences at the Grand Opera House. Rose Melville as "Sis Hopkins" is underlined at the Grand next week.

At the Olympic Theater Viola Allen will be followed by that capable English actor, Charles Hawtrej in "The Man from Blankley's," which come direct from a long run at the Criterion Theater in New York.

To-night Messrs. Heinemann and Welb, directors of the German Theater,

will produce Schiller's famous tragedy, "Maria Stuart," with a special cast and magnificently mounted. To produce classic plays always involves great cost and the effort and ambition of the management to adequately present them, should result in a large attendance on the part of the German clientele, and such Americans as are interested in the study of the German language. Nothing more important in the line of classics could have been selected than "Maria Stuart" to impress upon listeners the beauty of the German tongue. Hundreds of St. Louisans, nay, thousands, are familiar with the drama, for Mme. Janauscheck presented it every season in her repertoire. As a study it appeals most forcibly to students of the language. The Germans of St. Louis should attend in full numbers as a matter of reverence for their great poet. Next Sunday night "Orpheus in der Unterwelt," the most delightful of all the Offenbach operettas, will be given in great style. The opera is known in English as "Orpheus and Euridyce," and was in the repertoire of former English opera companies of note. Lovers of music will find a rare treat in the presentation of this work.

"The New New Yorkers" installed themselves at the Imperial Theater this week, and are drawing large houses. The characters embody every known type to be found in the metropolis of to-day, together with localities as they exist at present. As everything about New York is interesting to the West, Herbert

Corthell and his colleagues of clever men and women find an ever ready handclap. There is much let-up from sensational strain in "The New New Yorkers" and plenty of good comedy. Next week another New York flavored drama, "The Little Church Around the Corner," will be presented by Manager Russell at the Imperial.

"London Belles," headed by clever Rose Sydel, are presenting "Pleasure and Plenty," a two-act burlesque at the Standard Theater this week. The olio is particularly strong, including Campbell and Weber, whose German character impersonations are the best on the variety stage to-day. Ruth Denver, with a capable little company, presents "An Artist's Dream," and does an artistic bit of work in it. Harry Morris, with "A Night on Broadway," will be the next attraction at the Standard.

The young English actor, Charles Hawtrej, is to appear at the Olympic Theater next week (Monday). The first important success Hawtrej gained was in "The Private Secretary," and since then he has been most fortunate in "Jane," "Lord and Lady Algy," "One Summer's Day," and "The Man from Blankley's," in which he is to be seen here.

The Florodora Company will be the attraction at the Century next week. The chorus, numbering seventy voices, is one of the distinct features of the performance. Leslie Stuart has supplied

nine splendid numbers for this department, and Fisher and Ryley have provided people possessing good voices as well as looks to sing them. The double sextette, is one of the greatest features ever introduced in musical comedy. "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," is as much the rage as ever. In the forthcoming presentation the cast and production will be precisely the same seen in other important cities.

"Running for Office," is a new farce comedy which George Cohan wrote for himself and the other Cohans to follow in the wake of "The Governor's Son." It is jolly entertainment something it can hardly help to be, when one of the family, familiar with the family tastes and talents, is the playwright. While the elder Cohans are never stinted by the versatile George with opportunities to shine in certain niches, the latter is always good to Josephine Cohan, and best to himself in the distribution of the work that gets the applause. A patient, persevering Sunday night audience at the Century which waited two hours for the belated arrival of the Cohans, must have thoroughly convinced them of their popularity in St. Louis. The Cohans are stars, each one of them, and their supporting company is excellent.

In the "Little Church Around the Corner," the emotional melodrama which will be seen at the Imperial Theater on Sunday, matinee and week, Miss Russell has written a play that contains a story

of more than ordinary interest; and the comedy scenes are so naturally funny and infectious that dull care is driven away. The scene representing the famous "Little Church Around the Corner," from the studio of Frank Dodge, is pronounced an exquisite work of art. Upon the rising of the curtain is seen the brilliantly illuminated church, with the snow falling softly, and the little tot asleep on the steps, which presents a picture long to be remembered. Lottie Williams in "Only a Shop Girl" follows.



THE RECEPTION VOICE

Now when the social season is at its height, what may be designated as the reception voice is heard in its most aggravated form. It is more or less noticeable all the way from September until June, but at the holiday festivities it reaches its climax. The reception voice is the voice with which so many of us talk at receptions. As women are in the majority on such occasions, the burden of the blame must rest on them. The American woman's voice has been the subject of considerable criticism by foreigners who aver that as a rule it is not an agreeable voice. These criticisms, however, refer to ordinary conversation under ordinary circumstances. They may be exaggerated and yet are not without foundation. We can not be the best judges. It is difficult to hear ourselves as others hear us. Southern women invariably have delightful voices, and well bred women the country over recognize the charm of modulated tones. But how often does one hear a delightful voice at a reception? Whatever music a woman may

have in her tete-a-tete voice she seems to lose entirely when she talks in a room filled with people.

"Stop a moment," said a woman wise beyond her generation, recently, to her companion at a large reception. "Just listen to the screaming." The word was really not an exaggeration. Every woman in the room, apparently, was talking at the top of her voice. It was certainly very strenuous, and it was not lovely. Probably some of these women wondered when they reached home why they were so exhausted. But they would hardly have granted that their hard talking was one of the main causes of fatigue. For the reception voice becomes so much a thing of habit that one uses it unconsciously. It is only now and then, when one slips away at the height of the tea party, while the babble is still on, that one is appalled at the amount of noise one has been helping to make.

The reception voice is partly, at least, responsible for the unkind things that have been said by the cynics about the afternoon gatherings, almost wholly feminine, that are so large a part of social life. Oliver Wendell Holmes had it in mind when he tersely described the process of attending them in his famous phrase, "Go, gibble-gabble, gobble, git." And it must also have been ringing in the ears of the coiner of "tea fight." It belongs with overheated, overcrowded rooms through which one makes one's way, with danger to one's train and trial to one's feelings. Its effects are wholly bad, for it hurts the ears of the judicious, makes the throat tired, brings wrinkles and wears on the nerves. Attendance at two or three of these functions in one afternoon almost paralyzes a delicate throat. One of the principle rules of a modern beauty expert is, "Don't talk too much." But one can stand a great deal of talking in a low tone of voice. Some one has suggested that if the hostess and the first arrivals at a reception adhere firmly to the ordinary conversational voice later guests will probably do the same. It is certain that there is a contagion about the reception voice. Anyway, contagious or not, after it has become the prevailing voice in a room, every one entering that room is forced to adopt it in order to be heard at all. The experiment of setting the pitch low at the start would seem to be worth trying.—*Indianapolis News*.



IN QUEST OF LOCAL COLOR

O bear me away on the wings of the night

And put me in touch with the stars;
For it's new local color of which I would write

And I think that I'll seek it in Mars.

I've scoured all the earth to its farthest Demesne

For some as-yet-undescribed spot,
And long have I fared, but yet none have I seen

Not used long ago in a plot.

Did I try South America? Davis has that.

The Isthmus? Oh, Henry's been there.
The Klondyke? Jack London, a fierce autocrat,

Has gobbled the North as his share.



A Mac-Carthy-Evans-ism: something no other tailoring concern does—file the exact pattern—drafts of all our customers' measurements.

That means that we can make your clothing to your satisfaction whether you're right here in St. Louis or a thousand miles from it. That enables us to successfully make clothing for former St. Louisans in Old and New Mexico—in California—in Oklahoma—in Kansas—yes, and even in "little old New York."

**MacCARTHY-EVANS
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Kentucky belongs to the mountaineer,
Fox,

Wyoming was Wister's on sight,
And Parker has Canada's rivers and rocks,

Fenced in by his own copyright.

I ride through the mesas and ranges in vain

In search of some spot in the West
Which might have escaped "The Virginian's" train—

"Red Saunders" has gobbled the rest.

Lo, Duncan has left not a comma to write

On the sad little Newfoundland isle,
And how can I dream of New England in sight

Of Mary E. Wilkins's style?

I fly to the East, and midst races of men,
With names unpronounceable, probe
Till bang against Kipling I come with my pen;

For he claims the rest of the globe.

Then bear me away on ethereal swells
And put me in touch with the stars—
But hold up a minute! There's Herbert G. Wells

Already located in Mars.

Wallace Irwin in the Bookman.

"Is he fond of music?" "I think no.
He enjoys his daughter's playing."—
Cincinnati Times-Star.

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AFTER THE WEDDING

BY WILLIAM L. KEESE.

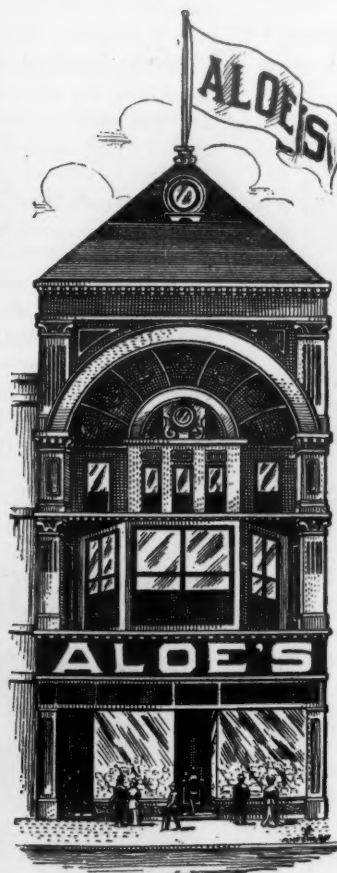
All alone in my room at last—
I wonder how far they have traveled
now;
They'll be very far when the night is
past—
And so would I if I knew but how.
How lovely she looked in her wreath and
dress,
She is queenlier far than the village
girls;
There were roses, too, in her wreath, I
guess
'Twas they made the crimson among
her curls.
She is good as beautiful, too, they say,
Her heart is gentle as any dove's;
She'll be all that she can to him always—
(Dear, I am tearing my new white
gloves!)
How calm she is with her saint-like face,
Her eyes are violet—mine are blue—
(How careless I am with my mother's
lace!)
Her hands are white and softer, too.
They've gone to the city beyond the hill,
They must never come back to this
place again;
I'm almost afraid to be here so still—
I wish it would thunder and lighten
and rain.
Oh, no! for some may not be abed;
Some few, perhaps may be out to-
night;
I hope that the moon may come out in-
stead,
And heaven be starry and earth be
light,
It's only a summer since she's been here,
It's been my home for seventeen years;
But her name is a testament, far and
near,
And the poor have embalmed it in
priceless tears.
I remember the day when another came—
(There, at last, I've tied my hair!)
Her curls and mine are nearly the same,
But hers are longer and mine less fair.
They're going across the sea, I know;
Across the ocean—will that be far?
(Did I have my comb a moment ago?
I seem to forget where my things all
are.)
When ships are wrecked do people
drown?
Is there never a boat to save the crew?
Poor ships! If ever my ship goes down
I'll want a grave in the ocean, too.
Good-night, good-night! It is striking
one.
Good-night to bride and good-night to
groom!
The light of my candle is almost done—
(How I wish that my bed were in
mother's room.)
How calm it looks in the midnight
shade!
Those curtains were hung there clean
to-day;
They're almost too white for me, I'm
afraid—
Perhaps I may soon be as white as
they.
Dark—all dark—for the light is dead:
Father in heaven, may I have rest!
One hour of sleep for my aching head—
For this aching heart in my poor, poor
breast.
For his sweet sake do I kneel and pray;
O God! protect him from every ill,

And make her worthier every day—
The older, the purer, the lovelier still.
(There, I knew I was going to cry!)
I have kept the tears in my soul too
long.
Oh, let me say it, or I shall die!
As heaven is witness I mean no wrong.
He shall never hear from this secret
room,
He never shall know in the after years,
How seventeen summers of happy bloom
Fell dead one night in a moment of
tears.
I love him more than she understands,
For him I loaded my soul with truth;
For him I am kneeling with outstretched
hands
To lay at his feet my shattered youth.
I love, I adore him just the same,
More than father, or mother, or life;
My hope of hopes to bear his name,
My heaven of heavens to be his wife.
His wife! Oh, name that the angels
breathe,
Let it not crimson my cheek with
shame!
It is her name, her word to wreath
In the princely heart from whose blood
it came.
Oh, hush! Again I behold them stand,
As they stood to-night, by the chancel
wall;
I see him take her white-gloved hand,
I hear her voice in a whisper fall.
I see the minister's silver hair,
I see them kneel at the altar-stone;
I see them rise when the prayer is o'er—
He has taken their hands and made
them one.
The fathers and mothers are standing
near,
The friends are pressing to kiss the
bride—
One of those kisses had birthplace here—
The dew of her lips is not yet dried.
His lips have touched hers before to-
night—
Then I have a grain of his to keep;
This midnight darkness is flecked with
light,
Some angel is singing my soul to
sleep.
He knows full well why many a knave
So close to his lady's lips should swim;
God only knows that the kiss I gave
Was set in her mouth to give to him.

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A copy of No. 5 of the "Four-Track Series," "America's Winter Resorts," will be sent free, to any address, on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

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Citronelle: Alabama's Riviera

TO breakfast one day in St. Louis and the next amid the pines of Sunny Alabama!

To depart to the accompaniment of a howling January blizzard and to arrive in weather which makes shirtsleeves and shirtwaists acceptable!

That is something of a scenic and climatic transformation, isn't it? Yet that is modern winter travel.

That is what is offered the tourist who travels to



the Southern region which is becoming more popular each year—to Citronelle, in the Pine Belt.

Of all the resorts suitable for winter pleasure or health jaunts—of all the delightful spots in which to forget the rigors of a St. Louis January or the cold rains of March—Citronelle seems to have the lead.

Situated far in the South of Alabama—located high above sea level—placed amid pine forests unsurpassed in the world—this little resort is fast becoming the central point for the winter journeyers.

Of all the wonders of modern travel it is doubtful if anything can be discovered to surpass that between here and Citronelle.

On the main line of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, on the direct route to Mobile and New Orleans, the complete service of a modern road between big cities passes the gates of the resort.

What this means the traveled tourist knows. There is no skimpy, occasional service for the benefit of "resorters."

There is, instead, the fast superb creations of the modern railway—the system which enables the traveler to leave at any time and always be assured of the same equitable and high-class service.

There is an array of through trains which can pick up the St. Louisan in his winter clime and whisk him into the regions where winter is unknown—the whole scene changing as he sleeps or unfolding before his eyes if he chooses to travel by day.



This thing of shifting climates in one night—of doing it without the faintest inconvenience or delay—of passing the entire journey in most luxurious style—deserves to be ranked among the wonders of travel of to-day.

The possibilities of this kind of travel are becoming realized—the possibilities of Citronelle are fast becoming known.

It is no longer thought necessary to take the dusty, lengthy, tiresome, overland journey to California when a winter trip is desired.

It is no longer best to take a sea trip to Cuba if only a short stay in the South is wanted.

Alabama and its climate have changed that.

Railroad service has created the greater part of



these United States—railroad service is now developing Alabama.

Districts hitherto inaccessible or, at least, inconvenient to reach have been thrown open to the entire country by the modern railway.

All along the line of the M. & O. through the South—straight down from St. Louis to New Orleans and Mobile—a highly prosperous and well developed region borders the railroad.

Time was when service in the South was bad—when the slowness of Southern trains was proverbial—and partly true.

But that was in the days when the South was suffering from the effects of the war—effects protracted long after other regions had recovered.

Now a great field has been opened in the Southland—and this is becoming recognized year by year.

Where once it required a journey of two days—and many shifts of transportation—to reach a region, through sleepers now whisk the traveler to the very spot desired.



Service has been perfected to a degree unthought-of by many of the railroads—for the service in the South in a service for all the year and not merely for a short three months of fleeting summer.

There is no standard but the highest standard on this kind of a road—for as many journey over it at one season as at another.

Think of the convenience of this to the passenger! Think of the pleasure in traveling when there are no "off seasons" or skimmed service on the part of the road!

Think of the convenience of being able to change climates without elaborate preparations—and to return with equal readiness!

Now as to Citronelle itself and its location.

The name of this town is derived from the old Indian word "Citronella"—a term signifying, in their language, "I heal."

And this nomenclature brings us back to the start and calls up a historical and significant fact—that Indians discovered the healthful properties of the place long before the white man heard of it.

It was one of those favored spots which the red men have discovered in various parts of this country—it was a place whose qualities were so rare that even the hardy red men were impressed.

Here some instinct brought certain tribes, in days of years ago, and here they camped for certain periods of the year, especially when members of the tribe were sick.

It was found that the elevation and the pure air—the brisk breezes blowing from far over the sea, and



the clear natural water of this high spot—accomplished wonders in a curative way.

The red men probably did not realize the why and wherefore of their recovery, but they appreciated the



fact that their ailments disappeared when they located in a certain region.

And they thereby established a custom that is becoming more and more popular every day.

Citronelle is situated just thirty-three miles from Mobile. It is within easy journeying distance of New Orleans.

It is located on a dry, healthful plateau 366 feet above sea level—this dryness being altogether of atmosphere and not in any sense applicable to the water supply, which is abundant and natural.

Now elevation and freedom from moisture are essential in the South, if the best results are to be attained—and right here is Citronelle's stronghold.

Jacksonville is 24 feet above the sea; St. Augustine, 10 feet; New Orleans, 5 feet; Pass Christian, 8 feet.

Quite a difference from the elevation of Citronelle, isn't there? And do you think of the difference in climate and atmosphere, of the freedom from the exhalations from the Gulf at certain periods?

It is practically the same thing as being in another clime—in a region where all the healthful properties are retained with no disadvantages.

It is the greatest elevation—equally distant from the coast—between Boston and the Rio Grande. That says enough for its desirability.

This elevated plateau, composed as it is of porous soil, drains very rapidly, the moisture passing away in a few hours even after the heaviest rains.

The entire vicinity is clothed in long-leaf yellow pine, this verdant foliage surrounding Citronelle on all sides and invariably being the most striking bit of scenery to the visiting tourist.

The aroma from these trees, the fragrant breath

On all sides of the plateau natural springs gush out. They are sparkling and pure.

Now it is customary for all regions to claim exceptional purity in their water supply. That has become so common that it passes without notice or regard for its veracity nowadays.

But here we have a region where the purity is simply remarkable. To impress this on those seeking information concerning the town, an examination has been made of the water by Professor A. W. Palmer of the University of Illinois.

An analysis made by him showed that the water was 99.99 per cent. pure—and that the so-called impurities were minerals agreed to be not only harmless, but beneficial.

Hotels are at their best in Citronelle. They can provide for travelers of all sorts. For the wearied invalid who desires quiet and rest, or for the pleasure seeker who wishes pastimes while on his or her journey.

Golf links have recently been constructed in a



park of the resort and are of the best construction, in every way. Croquet affords an opportunity, on many courts, for those desiring that amusement. Tennis courts abound.

Fishing and hunting are excellent in the region—and the winter season is the time to get the best results at either.

Riding and driving are favorite amusements. Good roads and unequalled scenery of a distinctive sort, make either a most desirable means of spending the time.

For those desiring to spend the winter more or less informally, or for those who wish to keep house while in the South, it may be mentioned that cottages can be rented throughout the town.

Many of these little residences are built especially for the winter visitor—but one thing can be said: that Citronelle is no "resorters'" town, erected for the purpose of entertaining visitors alone.

Such resorts generally spell something with money in it for promoters—regardless of whether the visitors find health or not.

Citronelle is a solid little town, not only capable of supporting itself in sumptuous fashion, but doing a thriving business throughout the year

It has a perfect school system. Its educational institutions are part of the regular system of Mobile County.

Professor C. P. Bowman, well known in educa-



tional lines, is principal of the school system. Visitors desiring to keep their children engaged at study throughout the winter will find their offspring losing nothing in an educational way while they remain at Citronelle.

Four denominations have churches within the borders of the town—the Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Methodists.

To show the accessibility of Citronelle, its distance from St. Louis is but 614 miles; its distance from Chicago, but 825.

Those desiring hotel accommodations can easily secure all information wanted by addressing Dr. J. G. Michael of the Hygeia; Herbel Brothers of the Citronelle; Mrs. Addie Fisher of the Illinois, or T. B. Jernigan of the Southern.

The Mobile and Ohio Railroad runs past the doors of Citronelle—through sleepers and dining cars are operated on all trains.

For those desiring a visit in the South, no better objective point can be offered—and all information concerning it will be cheerfully furnished at the offices of the M. & O.



drawn out by the warm Southern sun even in the winter—or what is winter in the North—is inexpressibly delightful to the journeyer coming direct from some smoky city.

NEW BOOKS

All lovers of good verse will be glad to know that Frank Putnam has produced another small volume of his choicest poems, some culled from the New Orleans *Harlequin*, The *National Magazine* and *Chicago Record-Herald*, in which they had been published originally. To the thousands who are familiar with Mr. Putnam's work, this volume will be regarded as a literary treat. Foremost among the poems is the "Ode to Lafayette," read on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to the great French soldier and friend of America, at Paris, on July 4, 1900. This poem is considered one of the best specimens of Mr. Putnam's genius. Aside from its literary merit it has a patriotic ring that should win it a place in the libraries of all American readers. The other verse selections of the volume are on various themes, but all out of the ordinary. The little volume is as artistic in design as the poetry is good. The issue is limited to 150 copies, and any person wishing to procure one or more of them should write Mr. Putnam at East Milton, Mass. The price per copy is \$1. The volume is in pamphlet form, of excellent paper, and is from the National Magazine Press, of Boston.

"The Manor School," by Mrs. L. T. Meade, from the press of the Mershon Company of Rahway, N. J., and New York, is a rather complete and interesting narrative of life in an English private school for girls. The story deals principally with the career of a pretty, talented young girl of 13, *Christian Mitford*, whose father is called to a government post in Persia, and who is placed in the school for a six-year term while her parents are away. The child's loneliness and the almost brutal treatment some fellow pupils administer to her, drive her to despair, and almost to death before she is released from the meshes of pupil-blackmailers. It is difficult to believe that young girls could be so heartlessly cruel to one of their own sex, but there are girls who have attended similar institutions in this country, who think the picture is not much overdrawn. "The Manor School" may be intended principally for the younger set of readers, but parents could do worse than devote time to a perusal of the volume.

"The Little People," by L. Allen Harker, from the Bodley Head Press of John Lane, New York and London, is a collection of the most interesting stories in which children are the principal characters. The influence of the "little people" on the lives and happiness of the older ones, was never more forcibly illustrated than in this volume. The author presents the stories in rich, but simple style. Some are cheerful, others pathetic, and all fascinating. The volume is an unique one. It contains seventeen stories, some of which have been published in magazines.

The authorized American edition of "Esarhaddon and Other Tales," contributed by Count Leo Tolstoy, for the

benefit of the Jews left destitute and maimed by the recent massacres in Kishinef and Gomel, Russia, has just issued from the press of Funk and Wagnall's Company of New York, and the great reading public are thus enabled to extend that aid to the victims which will be all the more acceptable to them since the donors shall receive in return the value of their contributions. The little volume is strikingly characteristic of Tolstoy, and teaches his philosophy of non-resistance of evil and the sacredness and unity of life. It consists of three tales or storyettes, the first and most pretentious of which gives title to the book. This story is entitled "Esarhaddon, King of Assyria." Its severe simplicity almost gives it the dignity and impressiveness of a classic. It is an allegorical tale, relating how a cruel king was compelled to drag through the long miserable life of one of his captives, *Lailie*, and a number of offending warriors he had punished, in the brief space of time it took the holy man or prophet to pour upon the royal head the contents of a water jug. The king is taught the lesson that by doing evil to others he has done evil to himself. The second tale is entitled "Work, Death and Sickness." It is a legend attributed to the South American Indians. The object of this little story is to show the means which God chose to unite mankind in a brotherhood of love. Men have been long in learning the lesson, but of late, according to the legend, they have come to view work, pleasure and pain, not as bugbears, but as common legacies to more firmly unite them. The third and last tale is one of folk-lore of the times of Aryan migration. In this tale appears the King in the familiar quandary which so puzzles the wise men as to the propitiousness of the times for his people's departure and other problems equally vexing. He finally puts his wants into the form of questions to which an old despised hermit alone of all the populace is able to give satisfactory answer, much to the relief of the royal one. The translation of the volume was made by Louise and Aylmer Maude. The book is neatly bound and printed and the price per copy is only 40 cents. All the proceeds of the sales are to be devoted to the relief of the unfortunate Jews of the two Russian towns.

"Tobacco Leaves," by John Bain, Jr.,

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a companion volume to "Tobacco in Song and Story," is a little volume full of anecdote, history and much knowledge generally of the so-called weed. The art of cultivating tobacco on the richest plantations in the world, Cuba, the manufacture of the cigars by Spaniards and the native Cubans, and the history of the introduction of the "smoke" into Europe, furnish deeply interesting reading, even to those who do not use tobacco. Some essays by John Ernest McCain on great smokers he has and has not met are written in a rich style and afford the reader no little knowledge of the characteristics of great men who found solace in the cigar or pipe. Some rare good verse on the virtues of tobacco are also to be found in the volume, together with a collection of readable anecdotes about prominent persons, living and dead, and interesting articles on the manufacture of pipes of all kinds. The volume is from the press of H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston. Its price is \$1.50.

The official "Missouri Manual" for 1903 and 1904 has been issued by Sam B. Cook, Secretary of the State. It reflects great credit, not only upon Mr. Cook's method of collecting and compiling the valuable information, but also upon his good taste in the choice of materials to make the volume as presentable as those issued by other States. The volume is bound in imitation black seal leather and upon the cover, in gilt letters, are the title of the book and the name of the office or person to whom it is directed. Its contents are for the most part from official reports, but where these were not accessible, the best semi-official information was used. In the section devoted to State population there are many interesting tables of statistics. The total State population given in the census of 1900 was 3,106,655; in 1890 it was 2,679,184, the gain being 15.95 per cent. In these ten years there was quite a great comparative increase in urban population as compared with the rural sections. In 1890 the rural population was 60.15 per cent. of the whole and in 1900 it is 53.76 per cent. of the whole. In 1890 the city population was 39.85 per cent. of the whole, but in 1900 it has jumped to 46.24 per cent. The total rural population at present is 1,670,116; the total urban population is 1,436,549, both showing increases in the ten-year interim. The increase in the country was 58,652, and in the city 368,829. Of the total population of the State, 1,595,710 are males and 1,510,955 females; 2,944,883 are whites and 161,822 are negroes, including Indians and Mongolians.

Casey—See here! that dollar ye lent me yisterday wuz counterfeit.
Cassidy—Well, Casey, didn't ye say ye wanted it bad?

A man living near Fort Smith died. This man was comfortably well off in worldly possessions, but he had been neglectful of his spiritual welfare. He had never joined any church, and had had little to do with religious advisers. The time for his funeral arrived, and, although a Baptist preacher had agreed to be on hand, an unavoidable accident

had delayed him. The house was out of town, and as the friends of the departed brother were all assembled Judge Read was asked to make a few remarks over the body of his friend, who had also once lived in Kentucky. The Judge consented.

"My friends," he said, "we are gathered here to-day to pay a final tribute to our friend who has already solved the mysteries of the great hereafter. He did not have the reputation of a religious man, and yet he lived the life of a noble Kentucky gentleman. He had good hosses and he ran 'em. He had good seegars and he smoked 'em. He had good whiskey and he drank it. He had good game cocks and he fit 'em, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven."—*Arkansas Gazette*.



A FINANCIAL GIBRALTAR.

One of the strongest and oldest banks in St. Louis is the German Savings Institution. For two generations it has been a potent factor in promoting and directing the commercial and financial development of St. Louis. Its ever efficient management has been such as to command the utmost confidence of its customers and the business community in general. It has always made it a point scrupulously to abide by the ancient landmarks of financial conservatism. Always has it steered clear of new-fangled alluring schemes, of untried and unsafe experiments, which, though promising great profits, were not, and are not, in consonance with the well-established rules of legitimate banking.

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Pistol Pete—"How much to marry us, parson?"

Rev. Bill Blood (looking them over)—O, I reckon fifty cents will—er—say, do you want all the frills throwed in—kissin' the bride, an' all that?

Pistol Pete—Sure.

Rev. Bill Blood—Ten dollars.



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THE STOCK MARKET

Severe, to a degree, was the sudden jolt which the upward movement in Wall street received last Saturday, when prices broke with an astonishing velocity and heavy liquidation made its appearance in every quarter of the market. The bull manipulators had, apparently, not looked for such an abrupt termination of their curative operations. They had been imbued with the strong belief that January disbursements would be instantaneously re-invested in the reputable class of bonds and shares, and that this would endow the market with such an amount of recuperative and absorbing power that offerings to realize profits could have no more effect than has water thrown upon the back of a duck.

Great, therefore, was their disappointment when the selling pressure proved to be such as utterly to obliterate the good results of the judicious nursing of the market in the last two weeks, and to bring it home, with convincing impact, to the perturbed minds of bear traders that the stock market is not as yet out of the woods, and that there are still legions upon legions of worn-out and disgusted holders whose eager readiness to throw their "stuff" overboard at every auspicious opportunity will prove something of a serious stumbling-block in the path of any rise in values that the speculative heavy-weights may have determined to have within the next three or four months.

The experience of last Saturday, and Monday likewise, has tended to reinforce the oft-repeated words of caution which the writer of these letters has used in connection with purchases of stocks at the present time, and in present circumstances. The multifarious uncertainties which surround the speculative situation, and which originate in the bewildering complexities of international finance, in the various doubts harbored regarding the outcome of the reaction in trade and industry now so noticeable in the East, in the conjectures bearing upon National and Oriental politics, should more than suffice to instill principles of conservatism into the brains of even the most obstinate and obstreperous of bull enthusiasts. The market is evidently in a pronounced stage of transition. While it does not seem probable that much of a decline from the current level of quotations could be considered warranted at this juncture, in view of the havoc that has already been wrought, still there is no telling what additional calamity may issue forth from the capacious Pandora box of speculation.

The bank statement of last week was

of mystifying complexion and character. It revealed an enormous expansion in loans and deposits, and a consequent reduction in surplus reserves. The loan item now stands above the \$900,000,000 mark once more. This is, unquestionably, something hard to explain, considering the severe liquidation which has been in progress for lo, these many months. The specter of loan inflation will not down. Like Banquo's ghost's ghost, it reappears invariably at the most inopportune moments. The January disbursements and shifting of accounts can be held responsible for only part of this astounding loan expansion.

There is an impression abroad in Wall street that several railroad companies are about to renew urgent applications for large-sized loans. It will be remembered that some important loans were turned down by the banks last summer. The Rock Island has already made announcement that its shareholders will be asked to authorize a loan of very respectable proportions in March. Exceedingly conflicting are the explanations offered for this peculiar sort of railway financing. It cannot be denied that the Rock Island directorate has an unusual quantity of "nerve." A hundred million dollars does not loom very large in its eyes. It is a mere bagatelle. However, the directors must be given credit for having slashed their original demand for a cool \$250,000,000. It would seem as though this latest phase of "rocky" Rock Island financing is about to have the same deleterious effect upon its securities as did similar methods upon those of the United States Steel Corporation. A pronounced proclivity on the part of the management of corporations to juggle with millions, and to reduce the rights of shareholders to a minimum, do not make for improvement in values. Circumspect investors are disposed to keep aloof from putting their capital into securities which are constantly at the tender mercies of reckless speculative cliques.

The political situation in the Far East is still exerting its depressing influence on securities abroad. There have been bad squalls of late in European markets. British consols are again approaching their extreme low level of several weeks ago. Russian and Japanese securities are, naturally, the worst sufferers. However, signs there still are which warrant the hope that actual hostilities will be postponed to a later date. Russia appears to be temporizing and not inclined to precipitate an armed conflict. The really sinister feature of the imbroglio is the strong possibility that England, owing to its alliance with Japan, concluded about two years ago, may, in the event

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of a struggle, be forced to become more than a passive participant.

In some quarters in Wall street the impression obtains that railroad earnings will soon be on the down-grade. This theory is based upon the assumption that the effects of the trade reaction will from now on, more clearly manifest themselves. This sort of pessimism may be unreasonable, yet is not without its justification. Past experience proves that railroad earnings are very uncertain factors. They are as prone to fluctuate violently, at stated intervals, as are the prices of steel. It would, should, therefore, be advisable to abstain from placing too much confidence in the still popular probability that railway prosperity is to continue many months longer.

The unscrupulous manipulator's hand is plainly visible in the erratic movements in Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Sugar, Amalgamated Copper and United States Steel. Copper is bobbing up and down in a mode to delight the heart of any gambler who makes a specialty of volatile stocks. The Havemeyer crowd is doing its very best of "milk" American Sugar. This stock appears to be one of the trump cards on the bull side. Whatever may be its merits, it certainly abides by precedents. It is the same old stock it used to be of yore, though it has, so far, not yet distinguished itself with one of its old-time jumps of forty points in twenty minutes. That it is worth anything like its present price is a question that not even the affable Havemeyer would care to answer affirmatively in his occasional moods of quaint honesty.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Since the beginning of the new year there has been quite an awakening in local stock exchange business. The increased activity has not, however, benefited quotations to any perceptible extent, if exception be made of a few bond issues. The investor is still fighting shy of purchases, in spite of the relatively, extremely low level to which prices have been reduced. The occasional spurts in certain directions are induced mainly by speculative purchases for a few points' profit. In other words, the local situation is pre-eminently artificial and quotations cannot be considered as reflecting true intrinsic value.

To the great astonishment of many traders, bank and trust company shares were rather actively traded in at the beginning of this week. They had not been mentioned for ever so many weeks. What caused this sudden demand is a mystery that the knowing ones are trying to explain in a cynical manner, and with a sly wink of the eye. Mercantile Trust sold at 335, Mississippi Valley Trust at \$341, Germania Trust at 220; Third National at 272½; State National at \$165. It will be noticed that the quotations for some of these shares connote a sharp decline.

St. Louis Transit continues to "hang fire" at 13% bid, 13¾ asked. Sales have been very small of late. United Railways preferred is offered at 57¾. The 4 per cent bonds are quoted at 76½ bid, ex interest. For East St. Louis & Suburban 5s 93½ is bid.

Laclede Gas 3s are selling at 105¾;

Missouri-Edison 5s at 97; St. Louis Brewing 6s (large bonds) at 95.

For American Central Insurance stock 215½ si bid; for National Candy 1st preferred 91, for the common 14¾; the latter shows considerable weakness. Simmons Hardware 1st preferred is offering at 127½. For Granite-Bimetallic 48¾ is bid, and for Central Coal & Coke common 59 is asked.

Local bank clearances continue large. Interest rates are stiff at 6 per cent for time and call loans. Drafts on New York are at a discount, and so are drafts on Chicago. Sterling is firmer; the last quotation was \$4.84%.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Higginson, Lamar, Mo.—Pressed Steel Car won't have much of a rally. Would sell at first good opportunity. Toledo common being bought on rumors of a possible or probable absorption by another company. Would not advise buying it. It's just a gamble.

X. X. X., Independence, Mo.—Would not invest in North American. Wabash preferred should be sold on first rally. Not much of a bargain at present level.

S. E. W., Sandusky, O.—Rock Island new 4s likely to go lower. Better defer buying them. Market won't run away from you.

B. B. K., Little Rock, Ark.—Consider the county bonds mentioned safe investment, though price seems somewhat stiff for this time. Wouldn't be in such a hurry.

T. R.—Think stock will go lower. Earnings falling off. Company expected to pass dividend. Change in management contemplated. Would hold Erie common a while longer. Steel common looks hopeless.

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Via Iron Mountain Route, under escort of Reau Campbell, Mgr., The American Tourist Association, Quincy Building, 113 Adams street, Chicago. Selected Clientele, Limited. All exclusive privileges, independent travel. Special Pullman Vestibule Train, Drawing Room, Compartment, Library and Music Room, with the largest Dining Car in the world, and the famous open top Observation Car, Chililitli. Special Baggage Car.

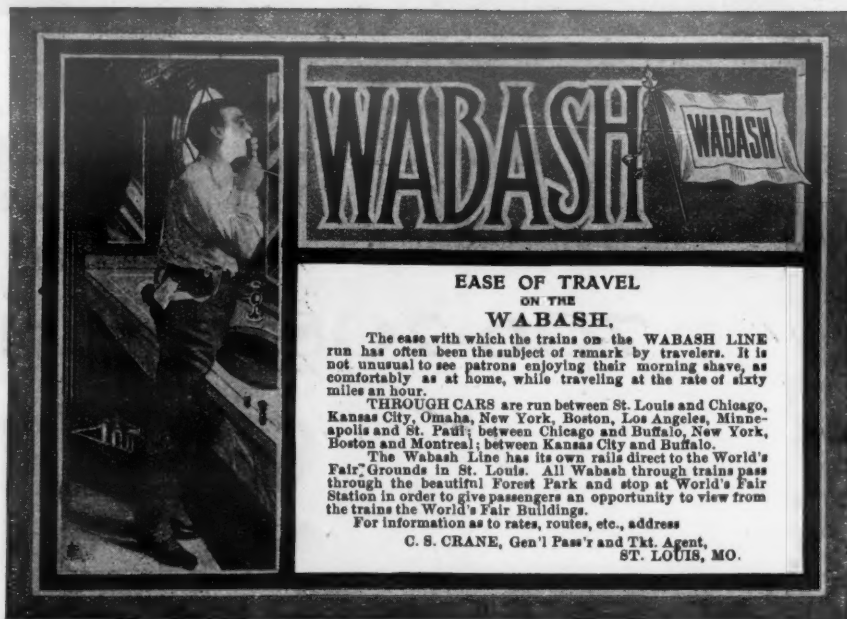
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Hamphat—"My poor old Uncle Richley is dying. Years ago he told me if I became an actor he would disown me." Crittick—"Lucky dog! You'll come in for a nice fortune, won't you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

CUBA AS A WINTER RESORT.

Have you thought of it? Low round-trip tourist rates to Havana, via New Orleans. A visit to the two most interesting cities in the South. For illustrated literature, and full information, write J. H. Lathrop, General Agent, 903 Olive street St. Louis Mo.



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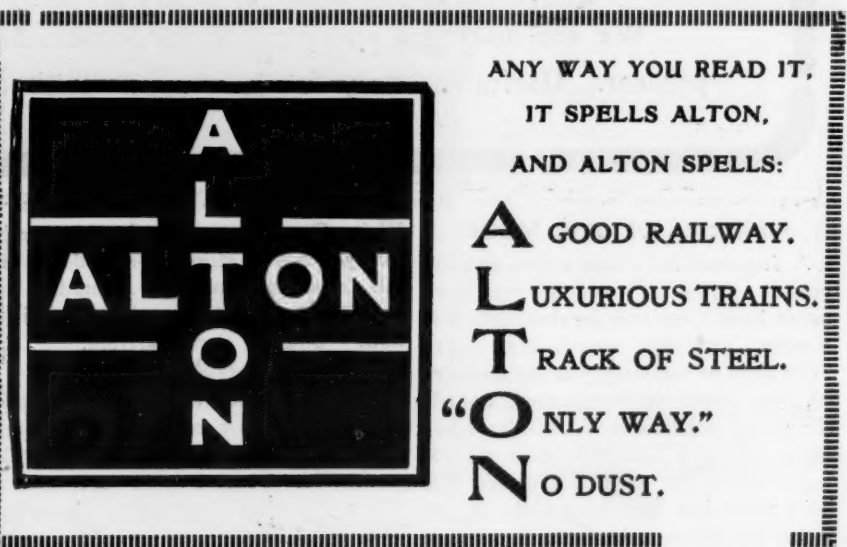
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The ease with which the trains on the WABASH LINE run has often been the subject of remark by travelers. It is not unusual to see patrons enjoying their morning shave, as comfortably as at home, while traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

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The Wabash Line has its own rails direct to the World's Fair Grounds in St. Louis. All Wabash through trains pass through the beautiful Forest Park and stop at World's Fair Station in order to give passengers an opportunity to view from the trains the World's Fair Buildings.

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IT SPELLS ALTON,
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A GOOD RAILWAY.
LUXURIOUS TRAINS.
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"ONLY WAY."
NO DUST.



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St. Louis to New York.
St. Louis to Boston.
St. Louis to Cincinnati.

Father Knickerbocker:
"Porter, order my breakfast in the Dining Car. I have had a splendid night's rest and have a good appetite. The Big Four is the smoothest road I ever saw."

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We are making a specialty of residence safes of various sizes. An acceptable and appropriate present. Useful in every family.

MISERIES OF THE MODE

A disgusted lady, who thinks that the present styles in women's dress have never been surpassed for ugliness, discomfort, and even impropriety, says: "The head of the woman is 'pompadoured,' yet Mme. de Pompadour, though she raised her hair to a foot above her head, permitted herself to show a forehead—while the 1903 fashionable not only raises her hair from three to six inches above her scalp, but puts a heavy wad of it down to the eyebrows, bunches it out at the back and sides, and tousles it up until she looks as much like a maniac as anything else. Next, she puts on an enormous hat, which may stand up a foot from her forehead, or project as far in front of it, trimmed with immense flowers, branching feathers, or even stiff quills stuck across the brim. About her neck floats a long boa of chiffon or ostrich plumes, which affords warmth to the back of her neck only, but gives ample occupation in the effort to keep it on. The waist of her dress is drawn down to a peak in front, the said peak frequently being stuffed out with horse-hair, or something which makes the woman look as if she had a tumor on her stomach. The curves of the natural figure are so completely obscured by this means that now a good figure cannot be distinguished from a bad one. The skirts are made so tight from the hips to the knees that they are difficult to sit down or walk in, while they accentuate most painfully those hips which nature has made excessively large or unpleasantly flat. The bother and uncleanness of the trains need not be commented on. I should think artists and sculptors would want to flee the country!"

He told her at last: "There is something" he said, "that I have wanted to tell you for a long time, but—" "Oh, Bertie," she said, blushing sweetly, "not here in the car before all these people.

Wait. Come this evening." "It's merely that you have a streak of soot down the middle of your nose, but I couldn't for the life of me get a word in until just now."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

E. H. Harriman intends to substitute white porters for negroes on sleeping and parlor cars on the Union Pacific road. This change is to be made gradually, and is of an experimental character. The Union Pacific passenger department has received complaints for nearly a year that negro porters were impudent and inattentive to their duties, except when in receipt of liberal "tips." In fact, in some instances aggressive insistence upon "tips" has become a crying nuisance. Orders have gone out on some divisions of the Union Pacific system to dispense with negro porters and employ in their stead white men at an advance of twelve dollars and fifty cents per month in wages. The reason assigned is "for the good of the service." If white porters prove effective and acceptable, the change will probably be made general on all Harriman transcontinental lines.

The new woman's quandary: "Yes," the new woman remarked, "I am greatly troubled." "By what?" "Well, I want to get married just to prove that I can, and I don't want to get married just to prove that I don't have to. If I don't they'll say I can't; if I do, they'll say I have no more independence than any other woman."—*Chicago Post.*

Mother Agatha, who for two generations kept a boarding house in the Rue Saint Andre des Arts, Paris, and who died recently, was well acquainted with many of the famous literateurs of France. Among the students who have frequented her modest establishment were Gambetta and Paul Verlaine, the poet. These subsequent celebrities, as students, paid forty cents each per day for board and lodging. Mother Agatha

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Notice to Taxpayers.

Tax bills for 1903 will have to be paid on or before the 31st inst. The heavy penalties provided by law on delinquent taxes will be enforced after January 1st, 1904.

Payment now will save time and inconvenience to taxpayers.

L. F. HAMMER, JR.,

St. Louis, December 17th, 1903.

COLLECTOR OF THE REVENUE

was frequently called upon to curb their youthful pranks, but until their deaths they often visited the venerable Alsatian lady.

The rule of three: "One week from to-day, Uncle John, I will be a married

man. Yes, in seven short days I will be initiated into the mysteries of matrimony." "No mysteries about it, my boy. It is just the plain, simple rule of three." "Rule of three? Eh—what three?" "Wife, mother-in-law and hired girl."—*Kansas City Journal.*

The Mirror

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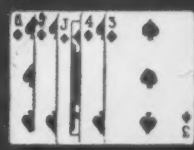
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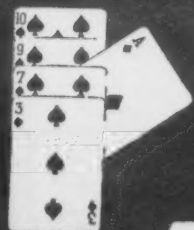
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SIRRAH!
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL




"A DIAMOND
CONE COST ME
TWO THOUSAND
DUCATS."
MERCHANT OF VENICE




"OUT, DAMNED SPOT!
OUT, I SAY."
MACBETH




"TIS A CONSUMMATION
DEVOUTLY TO BE
WISHED."
HAMLET




"HERE STAND A PAIR OF
HONORABLE MEN."
MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING




"THE QUEEN BEING ABSENT
TIS A NEEDFUL FITNESS
THAT WE ADJOURN
THIS COURT."
AND IN MY SUE



"A LADY WALLED
ABOUT WITH
DIAMONDS."
LOVE'S LABOUR LOST



"YET BUT THREE"
COME ONE MORE"
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM



"I KNOW THE HAND—
IN FAITH 'TIS A FAIR
HAND."
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